

34/5.  
A

1616

This Book belongs to  
**MATHEW DOREY,**  
**DUBLIN.**

"Everywhere have I sought peace and found it nowhere save in a corner with a book."—*Thomas a Kempis.*

"He that loveth a book will never want a faithful friend, a wholesome counsellor, a cheerful companion, an effectual comforter."—*Isaac Barrow.*

"By the aid of books we collect around us all things, all places, men and times. To be without books is the abyss of penury."—*J. Ruskin.*

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# IRISH GRAVES IN ENGLAND.

BY MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

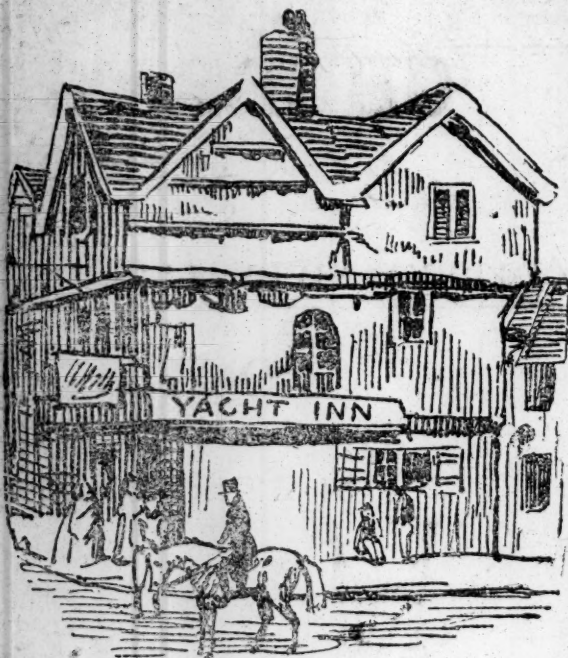
No. X.—THOMAS PARNELL.



THE acquaintance of students of literature with the career of Thomas Parnell, Archdeacon of Clogher, is necessarily very slight. Several biographies of the poet have been written, but the material is so scanty and imperfect that in each instance a couple of pages

suffice to tell the few brief facts, which comprise all that is known of the author of "The Hermit," "A Night Piece on Death," and other popular poems. The sketch of the life of the poet written by Goldsmith is the best known; it was the first, and is certainly the most readable; and of it Dr Johnson (who also wrote Parnell's life) is reported by Boswell to have said—"Goldsmith's life of Parnell is poor, not that it is poorly written, but that he had no materials; for nobody can write the life of a man but those who have eat and drank and lived in social intercourse with him."

But incomplete as are the materials for an extended biography of Parnell they are quite sufficient for my purpose, and before referring to his grave I will set out briefly the few incidents in his career. The poet was born in Dublin in 1679. His father was descended from an ancient English family long resident at Congleton, in Cheshire, and being a prominent supporter of the Commonwealth Party under Cromwell, he thought it better on the Restoration of Charles II. to retire to Ireland, where he purchased a considerable estate, and though the place is not indicated, it probably is Avondale in Wicklow. This estate



THE YACHT INN.\*

and the family property at Congleton were inherited by the poet on the death of his father. The poet's younger brother, John Parnell, became a Judge of the King's Bench in Ireland, and the judge's son, another John Parnell, who was created a baronet, succeeded to the family estates in Ireland and England on the death of the poet, whose two sons pre-deceased him. The second Baronet—Sir John Parnell—was Chancellor of the Exchequer and a Lord of the Treasury in the Irish Parliament. He gave to the Union a most determined opposition, in which he was supported by his son Henry; and the latter, in a subsequent career in the British Parliament, supported Catholic Emancipation. Sir Henry Parnell was created Lord Congleton in 1841, taking the title from the family estate in Cheshire. The present leader of the Irish Party is descended from the Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer and patriot in the days of Independence.

Thomas Parnell—the poet—entered Trinity College, Dublin, at the age of 13 years, which, as Goldsmith remarks, is a proof of the early maturity of his understanding. During his college career he was remarkable for the extent and solidity of his classical knowledge and for an extraordinary quickness of memory that enabled him to repeat forty lines of any book after the first reading. He selected the Church as a profession. It is a rule of the Church that a student must have completed his 23rd year before he can be made a deacon; but Parnell was, by special licence, ordained when he was only twenty-one; after three years he became a priest, and when he was in his 25th year the Archdeaconry of Clogher was conferred on him. About this time also he married Anne Minchin, who is described as a young lady of more than usual beauty and great merit.

Parnell was a frequent visitor to London, and mingled in the gay and scholarly circles of the period. He appears to have been of a very curious disposition—combining violent and unrestrained passions with delightful qualities as a companion. Goldsmith writes—"Parnell, by what I have been able to collect from my father and uncle, who knew him, was the most capable man in the world to make the happiness of those he conversed with and the least able to secure his own." He wanted that evenness of disposition which bears disappointment with calmness.

In 1712 his wife died, and the sad event caused a turning point for the worst in his life. Swift, in his journal to Stella, August 24th of that year, says—"I am heartily sorry for poor Mrs Parnell's death. She seemed to be an excellent, good-natured young woman, and I believe the poor lad is much afflicted; they appeared to live perfectly well together." Dejection of spirits followed the blow, and he is said to have become intemperate and careless in his habits for the rest of his life. In 1716, through the interest of Swift, he got the vicarage of Finglas, near Dublin, worth at the time, according to Goldsmith, £400 a year, and "such notice," writes Dr Johnson, "from such a man (the Archbishop of Dublin, Dr King) inclines me to believe that the vice of which he has been accused was not gross, or not notorious."

The poet died the following year, aged 37.

Dr Johnson, criticising Parnell as a poet, writes—"The general character of Parnell is not great extent of comprehension or fertility of mind—of the little that appears still less is his own. His praise must be derived from the easy sweetness of his diction; in his verses there is more happiness than pains; he is sprightly without effort, and always delights though he never ravishes; everything is proper, yet everything seems casual."

Chester—"rare old city of Chester"—is one of the most delightfully interesting spots in the three kingdoms, with its old Roman walls, its quaint houses, ornamented with grotesque wood carving, and the magnificent prospect of country which surrounds it. But to Irishmen Chester has an interest apart altogether from its historic and antiquarian and scenic associations, for, in the first place, Gladstone lives there; and in the second, it was the scene of the most daring and sensational incident of the Fenian movement—the contemplated attack on Chester Castle and the capture of its 30,000 stand of arms for use in Ireland; and thirdly, Thomas Parnell, Archdeacon of Clogher, is buried in one of its churches.

How did Parnell come to be buried in Chester? The old city has always been a resting-place to travellers between Ireland and London, but it was much more so in former times than it is in these days of fast railway services. Well, in the month of July, 1717, Parnell, was on his way from London to Ireland, stopped, as usual at Chester for a rest—but he never left it. He was stricken with a mortal illness, died there, and was interred in the old church of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, in Trinity-street. The exact spot in which the poet is buried is, I am sorry to say, unknown. No monument was erected to mark the place, nor was even a tablet erected in the walls of the church to indicate his interment within its precincts. The probability is that the poet died alone—unattended by any of his relatives or friends—in one of the local hostels; and, when buried, the fate of many another person of genius befell him, everything about him was forgotten for years, and when subsequently interest in his works aroused interest in the man himself, it was too late to discover his last resting-place.

The old church was pulled down in 1865-6, and the present handsome structure erected. Fortunately, I am able to give my readers a view of the old edifice, and of a famous hostelry—the Yacht Inn—which still exists, and is the most picturesque "house of entertainment" in the city.



TRINITY OLD CHURCH, SHOWING ITS PROXIMITY TO THE YACHT INN.\*

It is extremely probable that Parnell died in this very inn. Its close contiguity to Trinity Church lends much probability to my conjecture; and then, too, it was in the zenith of its glory—it was the first hotel in the city—at the time of the poet's death. On one of its windows even to the present day is a couplet scratched by Dean Swift with his diamond ring during a stay on one of his journeys between Ireland and England. The story goes that the Dean invited the dignitaries of the cathedral to a supper, but not one of them accepted the hospitality, and during the natural fit of spleen which followed he wrote on the window the following uncomplimentary distich on the city and its clergy:—

Rotten without and mouldering within:  
This place and its clergy are all near akin!

Consulting "The Visitors' Chester Guide" I

present church shows the reredos, a magnificent piece of work, executed in alabaster and marble.

After a vain search through the church and the little graveyard at the back for some memorial of Parnell, I called on the rector—the Rev. E. Marston—and, on informing him of the object of my visit, he told me that he had been rector during the last years of the old church; that the present edifice was erected under his supervision, and he had never seen a memorial of any kind to the poet in the old church; he was often told it had never contained one, and during the excavations for the new building nothing was discovered to indicate the place of the poet's interment. The fact that Parnell was buried in the church is thus recorded in the parish register—"Thomas Parnell, D.D., 18th October, 1718," which, strange to say, gives as the date of the interment one year and three months after the time mentioned by Goldsmith as the period of Parnell's decease. No explanation of this discrepancy is to be found in any of the more recent biographies of the poet I have read, and no explanation of it can now, I suppose, be hazarded. The following elegant epitaph, which was written by Goldsmith, will fittingly conclude my sketch:—

This tomb, inscrib'd to gentle Parnell's name,  
May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.  
What heart but feels his sweetly moral lay,  
That leads to truth, to pleasure's flowery way.  
Celestial themes confessed his tuneful aid,  
And Heaven, that lent him genius, was repaid;  
Needless to him the tribute we bestow,  
The transitory breath of fame below.  
More lasting rapture from his works shall rise,  
While converts thank their poet to the skies.

\* Our sketches of the Yacht Inn and Trinity Old Church are from Phillipson's and Colder's Guide to Chester, an interesting handbook to that interesting old city.



Baronet—Sir John Parnell—was Chancellor of the Exchequer and a Lord of the Treasury in the Irish Parliament. He gave to the Union a most determined opposition, in which he was supported by his son Henry; and the latter, in a subsequent career in the British Parliament, supported Catholic Emancipation. Sir Henry Parnell was created Lord Congleton in 1841, taking the title from the family estate in Cheshire. The present leader of the Irish Party is descended from the Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer and patriot in the days of Independence.

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Here is an extract from his "Epistle to Pope":—

This to my friend—and when a friend inspires,  
My silent harp its master's hand requires,  
Shakes off the dust and makes these rocks resound,  
For fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground;  
Far from the joys that with my soul agree,  
From wit, from learning—far, oh, far from thee!  
Here moss-grown trees expand the smallest leaf,  
Here half an acre's corn is half a sheaf;  
Here hills with naked heads the tempest meet,  
Rocks at their side and torrents at their feet;  
Or lazy lakes, unconscious of a flood,  
Whose dull brown Naiads ever sleep in mud.

Goldsmith says the "Epistle" is one of the finest compliments that was ever paid to any poet, and adds that Parnell's "splenetic and untrue" description of his residence in Ireland gave much offence to his neighbours, who considered they could supply him with learning and poetry without an importation from Twickenham (the residence of Pope), amid whose pleasant shades on the banks of the Thames Parnell spent many a day. "As his fortune," writes the Rev John Mitford, another biographer, "was handsome and his disposition liberal, his manner of life was elegant and even splendid. He had no great value for money, and indeed he so far exceeded his fortune as to leave his estate somewhat impaired at his death. As soon as he collected his rents he went over to England, where the friendship of Pope always received him with open arms; and where the wit and good humour of Gay and Arbuthnot and the fascination of Bolingbroke's society repaid him for his weary months of solitude at Clogher and Finglas."

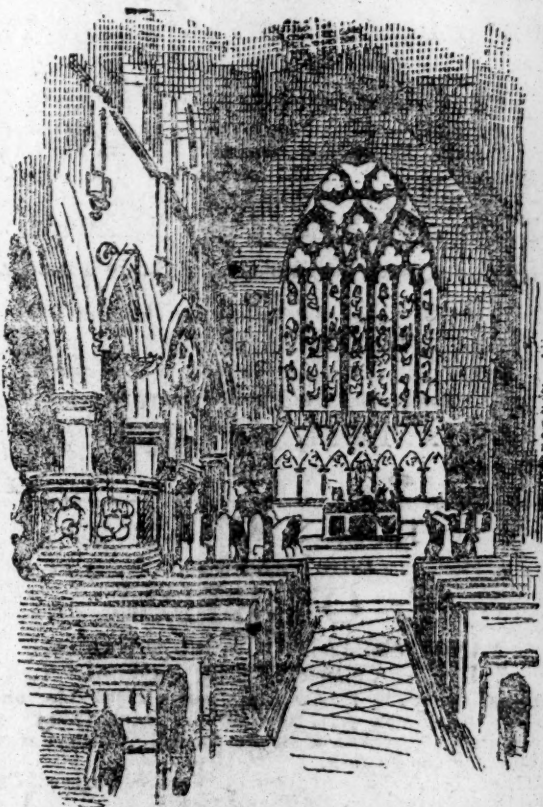


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Rotten without and mouldering within;  
This place and its clergy are all near akin!

Consulting "The Visitors' Chester Guide," I find the following reference to Trinity Church—"In this sacred edifice lie the ashes of two celebrated men—one is the Reverend Matthew Henry the noted commentator on the Holy Scriptures and Nonconformist divine, who is buried under the altar, where also his first wife reposes; the other eminent man interred here is Dr Thomas Parnell, the poet, and Archdeacon of Clogher, an ancestor of Charles Parnell, the present Home Rule leader of the Irish party." The new church is built of red sandstone, surmounted by a handsome tower and spire rising to a height of 155 feet; and though the view of it is marred by the houses which cluster closely about it on every side, it presents a striking and pleasing aspect. Inside are a nave, chancel, north and south aisles. The walls contain many memorial tablets, preserved from the old church; and, as indicative of the antiquity of the building, it is worth mentioning that one of the monuments—the effigy of a mail-clad knight, Sir John Whitmore by name—bears the date of 1374. The accompanying sketch of the interior of the





11630 b. 38.

Mary Shackleton  
Ballitore  
1779.

PARNELL'S POEMS.

Presented by her Mother  
to  
Lydia Jane Leadbeater

A  
1818.





P O E M S

U P O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

WRITTEN BY

*Dr. THOMAS PARNELL,*

LATE ARCHDEACON OF CLOHER:

And PUBLISHED by Mr. POPE.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED, THE

L I F E O F D r . P A R N E L L .

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

*Dignum laude virum musa vetat mori. HOR.*

L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN BELL, N<sup>o</sup> 132. STRAND.

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P O F M S

U P O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

WRITTEN BY

DR THOMAS PARVALL

LATE ASSISTANT OF CHURCHES

And published by Mr. Foras.



TO WHICH IS ADDED

LIFE OF DR PARVALL

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME

Printed and sold by H. Foras.

LONDON:  
Printed by J. B. Nichols, 10, St. Paul's Church-yard.  
1811.

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T H E

LIFE OF DR. PARNELL.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

T H E  
L I F E

O F

THOMAS PARNELL. D. D.

**T**HOMAS PARNELL, D. D. was descended from an ancient family, that had for some centuries been settled at Congleton in Cheshire. His father, Thomas Parnell, who had been attached to the commonwealth-party, upon the Restoration went over to Ireland; thither he carried a large personal fortune, which he laid out in lands in that kingdom. The estates he purchased there, as also that of which he was possessed in Cheshire, descended to our poet, who was his eldest son, and still remain in the family. Thus want, which has compelled many of our greatest men into the service of the muses, had no influence upon Parnell; he was a poet by inclination.

He was born in Dublin, in the year 1679, and received the first rudiments of his education at the school of Doctor Jones in that city; soon after that he was admitted a member of the college of Dublin at the age of thirteen, which is much sooner than usual; as at that university they are

B

a great deal stricter in their examination for entrance, than either at Oxford or Cambridge. His progress through the college course of study, was probably marked with but little splendour; his imagination might have been too warm to relish the cold logic of Burgersdicius, or the dreary subtleties of Smiglecius; but it is certain, that as a classical scholar, few could equal him. His own compositions shew this; and the deference which the most eminent men of his time paid him upon that head, put it beyond a doubt. He took the degree of Master of Arts the ninth of July, 1700, and in the same year he was ordained a deacon, by William bishop of Derry, having a dispensation from the primate, as being under twenty-three years of age. He was admitted into priest's orders about three years after, by William, archbishop of Dublin; and on the 9th of February, 1705, he was collated by Sir George Ashe, bishop of Clogher, to the archdeaconry of Clogher. About that time also he married Miss Anne Minchin, a young lady of great merit and beauty, by whom he had two sons, who died young, and one daughter, who is still living. His wife died some time before him, and her death is said to have made so great an impression on his spirits, that it served to hasten his own. On the thirty-first of May, 1716, he was presented, by his friend and patron archbishop King, to the vicarage of Finglas, a benefice worth about 400 pounds a-year, in the diocese of Dublin, but he lived to enjoy this preferment a very short time. He died at Chester, in July, 1718, on his way to Ireland, and was buried

in Trinity-church in that town, without any monument to mark the place of his interment. As he died without male issue, his estate devolved to his only nephew, Sir John Parnell, baronet, whose father was younger brother to the archdeacon, and one of the justices of the King's Bench in Ireland.

Such is the very unpoetical detail of the life of a poet. Some dates, and a few facts scarce more interesting than those that make the ornaments of a country tomb-stone, are all that remain of one whose labours now begin to excite universal curiosity. A poet, while living, is seldom an object sufficiently great to attract much attention; his real merits are known but to a few, and these are generally sparing in their praises. When his fame is increased by time, it is then too late to investigate the peculiarities of his disposition; the dews of the morning are past, and we vainly try to continue the chace by the meridian splendour.

There is scarce any man but might be made the subject of a very interesting and amusing history, if the writer, beside a thorough acquaintance with the character he draws, was able to mark those nice distinctions which separate it from all others. The strongest minds have usually the most striking peculiarities, and would consequently afford the richest materials: but in the present instance, from not knowing Doctor Parnell, his peculiarities are gone to the grave with him, and we are obliged to take his character from such as knew but little of him; or who, perhaps, could have given very little information, if they had known more,



Parnell, by what I have been able to collect from my father and uncle, who knew him, was the most capable man in the world to make the happiness of those he conversed with, and the least able to secure his own. He wanted that evenness of disposition which bears disappointment with phlegm, and joy with indifference. He was ever very much elated or depressed; and his whole life spent in agony or rapture. But the turbulence of these passions only affected himself, and never those about him; he knew the ridicule of his own character, and very effectually raised the mirth of his companions, as well at his vexations as at his triumphs.

How much his company was desired, appears from the extensiveness of his connections, and the number of his friends. Even before he made any figure in the literary world, his friendship was sought by persons of every rank and party. The wits at that time differed a good deal from those who are most eminent for their understanding at present. It would now be thought a very indifferent sign of a writer's good sense, to disclaim his private friends for happening to be of a different party in politics; but it was then otherwise; the Whig wits held the Tory wits in great contempt, and these retaliated in their turn. At the head of one party were Addison, Steele, and Congreve; at that of the other, Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot. Parnell was a friend to both sides; and with a liberality becoming a scholar, scorned all those trifling distinctions, that are noisy for the time and ridiculous to posterity. Nor did he emancipate himself

from these without some opposition from home. Having been the son of a commonwealth's man, his Tory connections on this side of the water, gave his friends in Ireland great offence; they were much enraged to see him keep company with Pope, and Swift, and Gay; they blamed his undistinguishing taste, and wondered what pleasure he could find in the conversation of men who approved the Treaty of Utrecht and disliked the Duke of Marlborough.

His conversation is said to have been extremely pleasing, but in what its peculiar excellence consisted is now unknown. The letters which were written to him by his friends, are all full of compliments upon his talents as a companion, and his good nature as a man. Indeed he took care that his friends should always see him to the best advantage; for when he found his fits of spleen and uneasiness, which sometimes lasted for weeks together, returning, he returned with all expedition to the remote parts of Ireland, and there made out a gloomy kind of satisfaction, in giving hideous descriptions of the solitude to which he retired. It is said of a famous painter, that being confined in prison for debt, his whole delight consisted in drawing the faces of his creditors in caricatura. It was just so with Parnell. From many of his unpublished pieces which I have seen, and from others that have appeared, it would seem, that scarce a bog in his neighbourhood was left without reproach, *and scarce a mountain reared its head unsung.* "I can easily," says Pope, in one of his letters, in answer to a dreary description of Parnell's;

“ I can easily image to my thoughts the solitary  
 “ hours of your eremitical life in the mountains,  
 “ from something parallel to it in my own retire-  
 “ ment at Binfield;” and in another place; “ We  
 “ are both miserably enough situated, God knows;  
 “ but of the two evils, I think the solitudes of the  
 “ South are to be preferred to the desarts of the  
 “ West.” In this manner Pope answered him in the  
 tone of his own complaints; and these descriptions  
 of the imagined distresses of his situation, served to  
 give him a temporary relief: they threw off the  
 blame from himself, and laid upon Fortune and  
 Accident a wretchedness of his own creating.

But though this method of quarrelling in his  
 poems with his situation served to relieve himself,  
 yet it was not so easily endured by the gentlemen  
 of the neighbourhood, who did not care to con-  
 fess themselves his fellow-sufferers. He received  
 many mortifications upon that account among  
 them; for being naturally fond of company, he  
 could not endure to be without even theirs, which,  
 however, among his English friends, he pretend-  
 ed to despise. In fact, his conduct, in this par-  
 ticular, was rather splendid than wise; he had  
 either lost the art to engage, or did not employ his  
 skill, in securing those more permanent, though  
 more humble connections; and sacrificed for a  
 month or two in England a whole year’s happi-  
 ness by his country fire-side at home.

However, what he permitted the world to see  
 of his life was elegant and splendid; his fortune  
 (for a poet) was very considerable, and it may  
 easily be supposed he lived to the very extent of it.

The fact is, his expences were greater than his income, and his successor found the estate somewhat impaired at his decease. As soon as ever he had collected in his annual revenues, he immediately set out for England, to enjoy the company of his dearest friends, and laugh at the more prudent world that were minding business and gaining money. The friends, to whom, during the latter part of his life, he was chiefly attached, were Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, Jervas, and Gay. Among these he was particularly happy, his mind was entirely at ease, and gave a loose to every harmless folly that came uppermost. Indeed it was a society, in which, of all others, a wise man might be most foolish without incurring any danger of contempt.

Parnell is only to be considered as a poet; and the universal esteem in which his Poems are held, and the reiterated pleasure they give in the perusal, are a sufficient test of their great merit. He appears to me to be the last of that great school that had modelled itself upon the ancients, and taught English poetry to resemble what the generality of mankind have allowed to excell. A studious and correct observer of antiquity; he set himself to consider Nature with the lights it lent him; and he found that the more aid he borrowed from the one, the more delightfully he resembled the other. To copy Nature is a task the most bungling workman is able to execute; to select such parts as contribute to delight, is reserved only for those whom accident has blest with uncommon talents, or such as have read the ancients with indefati-

gable industry. Parnell is ever happy in the selection of his images, and scrupulously careful in the choice of his subjects. His productions bear no resemblance to those tawdry things, which it has for some been the fashion to admire: in writing which the poet sits down without any plan, and heaps up splendid images without any selection; where the reader grows dizzy with praise and admiration, and yet soon grows weary he can scarce tell why. Our poet, on the contrary, gives out his beauties with a more sparing hand; he is still carrying his reader forward, and just gives him refreshment sufficient to support him to his journey's end. At the end of his course the reader regrets that his way has been so short: he wonders that it gave him so little trouble; and so resolves to go the journey over again.

His poetical language is not less correct than his subjects are pleasing. He found it at that period, in which it was brought to its highest pitch of refinement; and ever since his time it has been gradually debasing. It is indeed amazing, after what has been done by Dryden, Addison, and Pope, to improve and harmonize our native tongue, that their successors should have taken so much pains to involve it in pristine barbarity. These misguided innovators have not been content with restoring antiquated words and phrases, but have indulged themselves in the most licentious transpositions, and the harshest constructions; vainly imagining, that the more their writings are unlike prose, the more they resemble poetry. They have adopted a language of their own, and



call upon mankind for admiration. All those who do not understand them are silent, and those who make out their meaning, are willing to praise, to shew they understand. From these follies and affectations the Poems of Parnell are entirely free; he has considered the language of poetry as the language of life, and conveys the warmest thoughts in the simplest expression.

Parnell has written several poems besides these published by Pope, and some of them have been made public with very little credit to his reputation. There are still many more that have not yet seen the light, in the possession of Sir John Parnell, his nephew; who from that laudable zeal which he has for his uncle's reputation, will probably be slow in publishing what he may even suspect will do it injury. Of those in the following Collection, some are indifferent, and some moderately good; but the greater part are excellent. A slight stricture, on the most striking, shall conclude this account, which I have already drawn out to a disproportioned length.

*Hesiod, or The Rise of Woman*, is a very fine illustration of an hint from Hesiod. It was one of his earliest productions, and first appeared in a miscellany published by Tonson.

Of the three Songs that follow, two of them were written upon the lady he afterwards married; they were the genuine dictates of his passion, but are not excellent in their kind.

The Anacreontic beginning with "When Spring came on with fresh delight," is taken from a French poet, whose name I forget; and as far as

I am able to judge of the French language, is better than the original. The Anacreontic that follows, "Gay Bacchus," &c. is also a translation of a Latin poem, by Aurelius Augurellus, an Italian poet, beginning with

*Invitat olim Bacchus ad cœnam suos  
Comum, Jocum, Cupidinem.*

Parnell, when he translated it, applied the characters to some of his friends; and as it was written for their entertainment, it probably gave them more pleasure than it has given the public in the perusal. It seems to have more spirit than the original; but it is extraordinary that it was published as an original and not as a translation. Pope should have acknowledged it, as he knew.

The *Fairy Tale* is incontestably one of the finest pieces in any language. The old dialect is not perfectly well preserved; but that is a very slight defect where all the rest is so excellent.

The *Pervigilium Veneris*, (which, by the bye, does not belong to Catullus) is very well versified; and, in general, all Parnell's translations are excellent. *The Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, which follows, is done as well as the subject would admit; but there is a defect in the translation, which sinks it below the original, and which it was impossible to remedy. I mean the names of the combatants, which in the Greek bear a ridiculous allusion to their natures, have no force to the English reader. A Bacon-eater was a good name for a mouse, and Pternotractus in Greek was a very good

foundling word, that conveyed that meaning. Puff-cheek would sound odiously as a name for a frog, and yet *Phygnathos* does admirably well in the original.

The translation of a part of the *Rape of the Lock* into monkish verse, serves to shew what a master Parnell was of the Latin; a copy of verses made in this manner, is one of the most difficult trifles that can possibly be imagined. I am assured that it was written upon the following occasion. Before the *Rape of the Lock* was yet compleated, Pope was reading it to his friend Swift, who sat very attentively; while Parnell, who happened to be in the house, went in and out without seeming to take any notice. However, he was very diligently employed in listening, and was able, from the strength of his memory, to bring away the whole description of the toilet pretty exactly. This he versified in the manner now published in his Works; and the next day, when Pope was reading his poem to some friends, Parnell insisted that he had stolen that part of the description from an old monkish manuscript. An old paper with the Latin verses was soon brought forth, and it was not till after some time that Pope was delivered from the confusion which it at first produced.

The *Book-worm* is another unacknowledged translation from a Latin poem by Beza. It was the fashion with the wits of the last age, to conceal the places from whence they took their hints or their subjects. A trifling acknowledgment would have made that lawful prize, which may now be considered as plunder.

The *Night-Piece on Death* deserves every praise; and I should suppose, with very little amendment, might be made to surpass all those night-pieces and church-yard scenes that have since appeared. But the Poem of Parnell's, best known, and on which his best reputation is grounded, is the *Hermit*. Pope, speaking of this, in those manuscript anecdotes already quoted, says, "that the Poem is very good." "The story," continues he, "was written originally in Spanish, whence probably Howell had translated it into prose, and inserted it in one of his letters. Addison liked the scheme, and was not disinclined to come into it." However this may be, Dr Henry More, in his Dialogues, has the very same story; and I have been informed by some that it is originally of Arabian invention.

We cannot finish this trifle, without acknowledging the obligations we lye under to Sir John Parnell. It is to this gentleman that we are indebted for the communication of many circumstances of the life of his uncle, which had otherwise been ever unknown; we cannot omit Mr and Mrs Hayes (relations of our Poet) in this tribute of gratitude: nor must Mr Stevens be forgotten, who, being an ornament to the republic of letters himself, has ever been ready to assist the attempts of others, with a liberality, as unlimited as it has hitherto been unpractised and unknown.

TO  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
ROBERT,  
EARL OF OXFORD,  
AND  
EARL MORTIMER.

SUCH were the notes thy once-lov'd Poet sung,  
'Till death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.  
Oh just beheld, and lost! admir'd, and mourn'd!  
With softest manners, gentlest arts, adorn'd!  
Bless'd in each science, bless'd in ev'ry strain;  
Dear to the Muse, to Harley dear—in vain!

For him, thou oft hast bid the world attend,  
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend:  
For Swift and him, despis'd the farce of state,  
The sober follies of the wise and great;  
Dext'rous, the craving, fawning croud to quit,  
And pleas'd to 'scape from flattery to wit.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,  
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear)



Recal those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days,  
 Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays :  
 Who, careless now, of Int'rest, fame, or fate,  
 Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great ;  
 Or deeming meanest what we greatest call,  
 Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.

And sure, if aught below the seats divine  
 Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine :  
 A soul supreme, in each hard instance try'd,  
 Above all pain, all anger, and all pride ;  
 The rage of pow'r, the blast of public breath,  
 The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.

In vain to deserts thy retreat is made ;  
 The Muse attends thee to thy silent shade :  
 'Tis hers, the brave man's latest steps to trace,  
 Re-judge his acts, and dignify disgrace,  
 When Int'rest calls off all her sneaking train,  
 When all th' oblig'd desert, and all the vain :  
 She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,  
 When the last ling'ring friend has bid farewell.  
 Ev'n now she shades thy evening-walk with days,  
 (No hireling she, no prostitute to Praise)  
 Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,  
 Eyes the calm sun-set of thy various day ;  
 Thro' Fortune's cloud one truly great can see,  
 Nor fears to tell, that Mortimer is he.

SEPT. 25,  
 1723.

A. POPE.



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H E S I O D:

OR, THE

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RISE OF WOMAN.  
  
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THESE OF WOMAN

# H E S I O D:

OR, THE

## R I S E O F W O M A N.

**W**HAT ancient times (those times we  
fancy wise)

Have left on long record of woman's rise,  
What morals teach it, and what fables hide,  
What author wrote it, how that author dy'd,  
All these I sing. In Greece they fram'd the tale;  
(In Greece 'twas thought a woman might be frail)  
Ye modern Beauties! where the Poet drew  
His softest pencil, think he dreamt of you;  
And warn'd by him, ye wanton pens beware  
How Heav'n's concern'd to vindicate the Fair.  
The case was Hesiod's; he the fable writ;  
Some think with meaning, some with idle wit:  
Perhaps 'tis either, as the Ladies please:  
I wave the contest, and commence the lays.

In days of yore, (no matter where or when,  
'Twas ere the low creation swarm'd with men)  
That one Prometheus, sprung of heavenly birth,  
(Our Author's song can witness) liv'd on earth:

D

He carv'd the turf to mould a manly frame,  
And stole from Jove his animating flame.  
The fly contrivance o'er Olympus ran,  
When thus the Monarch of the stars began :  
Or vers'd in arts ! whose daring thoughts aspire,  
To kindle clay with never-dying fire !  
Enjoy thy glory past, that gift was thine ;  
The next thy creature meets, be fairly mine :  
And such a gift, a vengeance so design'd,  
As suits the counsel of a God to find ;  
A pleasing bosom-cheat, a specious ill,  
Which felt the curse, yet covet still to feel.

He said, and Vulcan strait the Sire commands,  
To temper mortar with ethereal hands ;  
In such a shape to mold a rising fair,  
As virgin-goddesses are proud to wear ;  
To make her eyes with diamond-water shine,  
And form her organs for a voice divine.  
'Twas thus the Sire ordain'd ; the Pow'r obey'd ;  
And work'd, and wonder'd at the work he made ;  
The fairest, softest, sweetest frame beneath,  
Now made to seem, now more than seem to breathe.

As Vulcan ends, the chearful Queen of charms  
Clasp'd the new-panting creature in her arms ;  
From that embrace a fine complexion spread,  
Where mingled whiteness glow'd with softer red.  
Then in a kiss she breath'd her various arts,  
Of trifling prettily with wounded hearts ;  
A mind for love, but still a changing mind ;  
The lisp affected, and the glance design'd ;  
The sweet confusing blush, the secret wink,  
The gentle-swimming walk, the courteous sink ;

The stare for strangeness fit, for scorn the frown;  
 For decent yielding, looks declining down;  
 The practis'd languish, where well-feign'd desire  
 Would own its melting in a mutual fire;  
 Gay smiles to comfort; April show'rs to move;  
 And all the nature, all the art of love.

Gold-scepter'd Juno next exalts the Fair;  
 Her touch endows her with imperious air,  
 Self-valuing fancy, highly-crested pride,  
 Strong sov'reign will, and some desire to chide;  
 For which, an eloquence, that aims to vex,  
 With native tropes of anger, arms the sex.

Minerva, skilful Goddess, train'd the maid  
 To twirl the spindle by the twisting thread;  
 To fix the loom, instruct the reeds to part,  
 Cross the long web, and close the web with art,  
 An useful gift; but what profuse expence,  
 What world of fashions, took its rise from hence!

Young Hermes next, a close-contriving God,  
 Her brows encircled with his serpent-rod;  
 Then plots and fair excuses fill'd her brain,  
 The views of breaking am'rous vows for gain;  
 The price of favours: the designing arts  
 That aim at riches in contempt of hearts;  
 And for a comfort in the marriage life,  
 The little, pilf'ring temper of a wife.

Full on the Fair his beams Apollo flung,  
 And found persuasion tipp'd her easy tongue;  
 He gave her words, where oily flatt'ry lays  
 The pleasing colours of the art of praise;  
 And wit, to scandal exquisitely prone,  
 Which frets another's spleen to cure its own,

Those sacred virgins whom the bards revere,  
Tun'd all her voice, and shed a sweetness there,  
To make her sense with double charms abound,  
Or make her lively nonsense please by sound.

To dress the maid, the decent Graces brought  
A robe in all the dyes of beauty wrought,  
And plac'd their boxes o'er a rich brocade,  
Where pictur'd Loves on ev'ry cover play'd;  
Then spread those implements that Vulcan's art  
Had fram'd to merit Cytherea's heart;  
The wire to curl, the close-indented comb  
To call the locks that lightly wander, home;  
And chief, the mirror, where the ravish'd maid  
Beholds and loves her own reflected shade.

Fair Flora lent her stores; the purpled hours  
Confin'd her tresses with a wreath of flow'rs;  
Within the wreath arose a radiant crown;  
A veil pellucid hung depending down;  
Back roll'd her azure veil with serpent-fold,  
The purpled border deck'd the floor with gold.  
Her robe (which closely by the girdle brac'd  
Reveal'd the beauties of a slender waist)  
Flow'd to the feet, to copy Venus' air,  
When Venus' statues have a robe to wear.

The new-sprung creature finish'd thus for harms,  
Adjusts her habit, practises her charms,  
With blushes glows, or shines with lively smiles,  
Confirms her will, or recollects her wiles:  
Then conscious of her worth, with easy pace  
Glides by the glass, and turning views her face.

A finer flax than what they wrought before,  
Thro' Time's deep cave the Sister Fates explore,



Then fix the loom, their fingers nimbly weave,  
And thus their toil prophetic songs deceive:

Flow from the rock, my flax! and swiftly flow,  
Pursue thy thread; the spindle runs below.  
A creature fond and changing, fair and vain,  
The creature woman rises now to reign.  
New beauty blooms, a beauty form'd to fly;  
New love begins, a love produc'd to die;  
New parts distress the troubled scenes of life,  
The fondling mistress, and the ruling wife.

Men born to labour, all with pains provide;  
Women have time to sacrifice to pride;  
They want the care of man, their want they know,  
And dress to please with heart-alluring show;  
The show prevailing, for the sway contend,  
And make a servant where they meet a friend.

Thus in a thousand wax-erected forts  
A loitering race the painful bee supports;  
From sun to sun, from bank to bank he flies,  
With honey loads his bag, with wax his thighs;  
Fly where he will, at home the race remain,  
Prune the silk dress, and murm'ring eat the gain.

Yet here and there we grant a gentle bride,  
Whose temper betters by the father's side;  
Unlike the rest that double human care,  
Fond to relieve, or resolute to share:  
Happy the man whom thus his stars advance!  
The curse is gen'ral, but the blessing chance.

Thus sung the Sisters, while the Gods admire  
Their beauteous creature, made for man in ire;  
The young Pandora she, whom all contend  
To make too perfect not to gain her end:

Then bid the winds that fly to breathe the springs,  
Return to bear her on a gentle wing;  
With wafting airs the winds obsequious blow,  
And land the shining vengeance safe below.  
A golden coffer in her hand she bore,  
The present treach'rous, but the bearer more;  
'Twas fraught with pangs; for Jove ordain'd above,  
That gold should aid, and pangs attend on love.

Her gay descent the man perceiv'd afar,  
Wond'ring he run to catch the falling star:  
But so surpriz'd, as none but he can tell,  
Who lov'd so quickly, and who lov'd so well.  
O'er all his veins the wand'ring passion burns,  
He calls her Nymph, and every Nymph by turns.  
Her form to lovely Venus he prefers,  
Or swears that Venus' must be such as her's.  
She proud to rule, yet strangely fram'd to teaze,  
Neglects his offers while her airs she plays,  
Shoots scornful glances from the bended frown,  
In brisk disorder trips it up and down;  
Then hunts a careless tune to lay the storm,  
And sits, and blushes, smiles, and yields, in form.

"Now take what Jove design'd, she softly cry'd,  
"This box thy portion, and myself the bride."  
Fir'd with the prospect of the double charms,  
He snatch'd the box and bride with eager arms.

Unhappy man! to whom so bright she shone,  
The fatal gift, her tempting self, unknown!  
The winds were silent, all the waves asleep,  
And heav'n was trac'd upon the flatt'ring deep;  
But whilst he looks unmindful of a storm,  
And thinks the water wears a stable form,

What dreadful din around his ears shall rise !

What frowns confuse his picture of the skies !

At first the creature man was fram'd alone,  
Lord of himself, and all the world his own.

For him the Nymphs in green forsook the woods,

For him the Nymphs in blue forsook the floods ;

In vain the Satyrs rage, the Tritons rave,

They bore him heroes in the secret cave.

No care destroy'd, no sick disorder prey'd,

No bending age his sprightly form decay'd,

No wars were known, no females heard to rage,

And Poets tell us, 'twas a golden age.

When woman came, those ills the box confin'd

Burst furious out, and poison'd all the wind,

From point to point, from pole to pole they flew,

Spread as they went, and in the progress grew :

The Nymphs regretting left the mortal race,

And alt'ring Nature wore a sickly face :

New terms of folly rose, new states of care ;

New plagues, to suffer, and to please the Fair !

The days of whining, and of wild intrigues,

Commenc'd, or finish'd, with the breach of leagues ;

The mean designs of well-dissembled love :

The sordid matches never join'd above :

Abroad the labour, and at home the noise,

(Man's double sufferings for domestic joys)

The curse of jealousy ; expence, and strife ;

Divorce, the public brand of shameful life ;

The rival's sword ; the quail that takes the Fair ;

Disdain for passion, passion in despair —

These, and a thousand, yet unnam'd we find ;

Ah fear the thousand, yet unnam'd behind !

Thus on Parnassus' tuneful Hesiod sung,  
 The mountain echo'd, and the valley rung,  
 The sacred groves a fix'd attention shew,  
 The chrystal Helicon forebore to flow,  
 The sky grew bright, and (if his verse be true)  
 The Muses came to give the laurel too.  
 But what avail'd the verdant prize of wit,  
 If Love swore vengeance for the tales he writ?  
 Ye Fair offended, hear your friend relate  
 What heavy judgment prov'd the writer's fate,  
 Tho' when it happen'd no relation clears,  
 Tis thought in five, or five-and-twenty years.

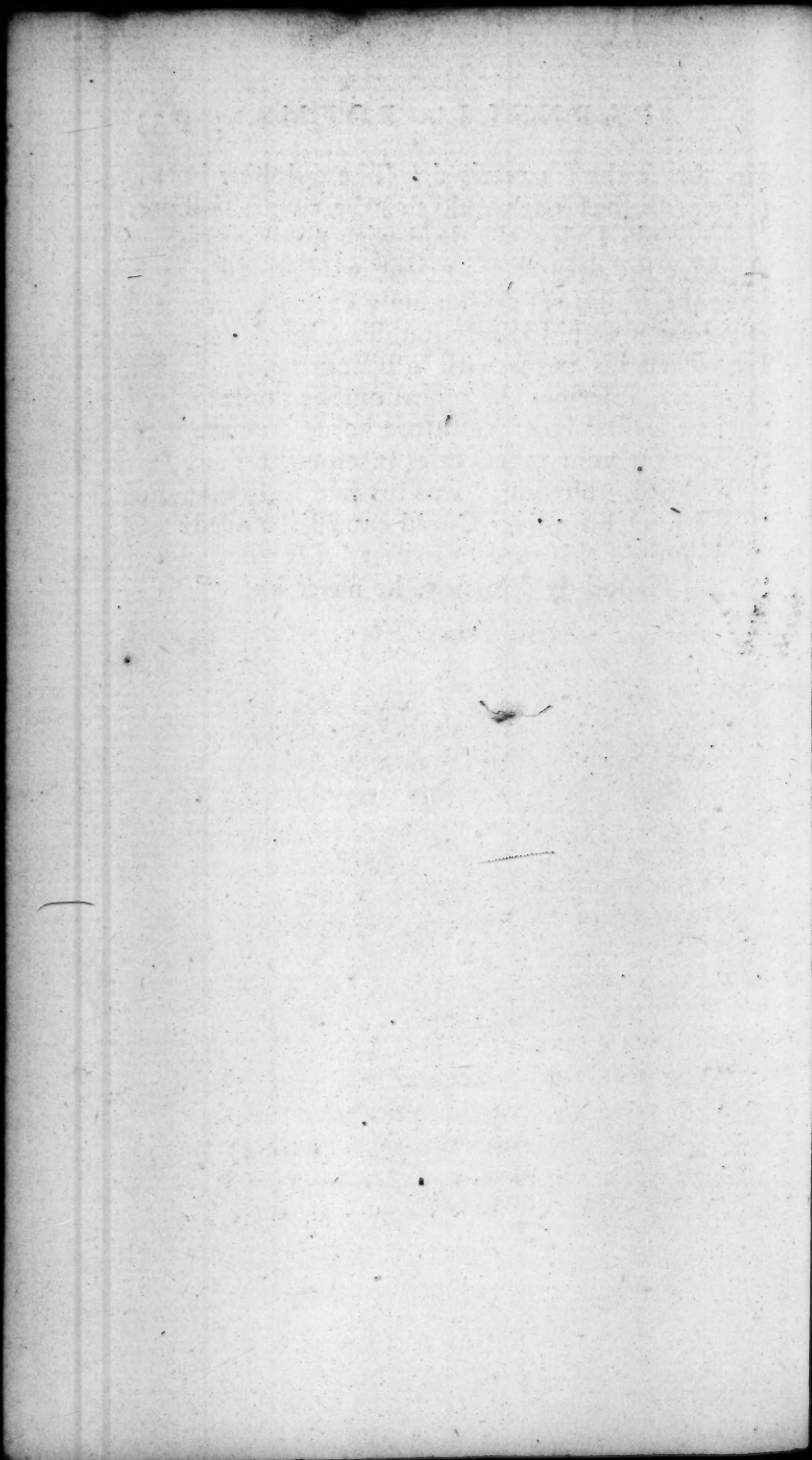
Where, dark and silent, with a twisted shade  
 The neighbouring woods a native arbour made,  
 There oft a tender pair for am'rous play  
 Retiring, toy'd the ravish'd hours away;  
 A Locrian youth, the gentle Troilus he,  
 A fair Milesian, kind Evanthe she:  
 But swelling Nature in a fatal hour  
 Betray'd the secrets of the conscious bow'r;  
 The dire disgrace her brothers count their own,  
 And track her steps, to make its author known.

It chanc'd one ev'ning, 'twas the lover's day,  
 Conceal'd in brakes the jealous kindred lay;  
 When Hesiod wand'ring, mus'd along the plain,  
 And fix'd his seat where love had fix'd the scene:  
 A strong suspicion strait possess'd their mind,  
 (For Poets ever were a gentle kind)  
 But when Evanthe near the passage stood,  
 Flung back a doubtful look, and shot the wood,  
 "Now take (at once they cry) thy due reward,"  
 And urg'd with erring rage, assault the bard.

His corpse the sea receiv'd. The dolphins bore  
( 'Twas all the Gods would do) the corpse to shore.

Methinks I view the dead with pitying eyes,  
And see the dreams of ancient wisdom rise;  
I see the Muses round the body cry,  
But hear a Cupid loudly laughing by;  
He wheels his arrow with insulting hand,  
And thus inscribes the moral on the sand:  
" Here Hesiod lyes: ye future bards, beware  
" How far your moral tales incense the Fair.  
" Unlov'd, unloving, 'twas his fate to bleed;  
" Without his quiver Cupid caus'd the deed:  
" He judg'd this turn of malice justly due,  
" And Hesiod dy'd for joys he never knew."

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S O N G S.

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# S O N G S.

## S O N G.

WHEN thy beauty appears  
In its graces and airs,  
All bright as an angel new dropt from the sky;  
At distance I gaze, and am aw'd by my  
So strangely you dazzle my eye! [fears,  
  
But when without art  
Your kind thoughts you impart,  
When your love runs in blushes thro' every vein;  
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants  
in your heart,  
Then I know you're a woman again.  
  
There's a passion and pride  
In our sex, she reply'd,  
And thus, might I gratify both, I would do:  
Still an angel appear to each lover beside,  
But still be a woman to you.

## S O N G.

**T**HYRSIS, a young and am'rous swain,  
Saw two, the beauties of the plain,  
Who both his heart subdued :  
Gay Cælia's eyes were dazzling fair,  
Sabina's easy shape and air  
With softer magic drew.

He haunts the stream, he haunts the grove,  
Lives in a fond romance of love,  
And seems for each to die ;  
Till each a little spiteful grown,  
Sabina, Cælia's shape ran down,  
And she Sabina's eye.

Their envy made the shepherd find  
Those eyes which love could only blind ;  
So set the lover free :  
No more he haunts the grove or stream,  
Or with a true-love knot and name  
Engraves a wounded tree.

Ah Cælia ! fly Sabina cry'd,  
Tho' neither love, we're both deny'd ;  
Now to support the sex's pride,  
Let either fix the dart.  
Poor girl, says Cælia, say no more ;  
For should the swain but one adore,  
That spite which broke his chains before,  
Wou'd break the others heart.

## S O N G.

MY days have been so wond'rous free,  
The little birds that fly  
With careless ease from tree to tree,  
Were but as blest'd as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear  
Of mine increas'd their stream?  
Or ask the flying gales, if e'er  
I lent one sigh to them?

But now my former days retire,  
And I'm by beauty caught,  
The tender chains of sweet desire  
Are fix'd upon my thought.

Ye nightingales! ye twisting pines!  
Ye swains that haunt the grove!  
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds!  
Ye close retreats of love!

With all of nature, all of art,  
Assist the dear design;  
O teach a young, unpractis'd heart,  
To make my Nancy mine.

The very thought of change I hate,  
 As much as of despair;  
 Nor ever covet to be great,  
 Unless it be for her.

'Tis true, the passion in my mind  
 Is mix'd with soft distress;  
 Yet while the Fair I love is kind,  
 I cannot wish it less.

# ANACREONTIC.

**W**HEN Spring came on with fresh delight,  
 To cheer the soul, and charm the sight,  
 While easy breezes, softer rain,  
 And warmer suns salute the plain;  
 'Twas then, in yonder piny grove,  
 That Nature went to meet with Love.

Green was her robe, and green her wreath,  
 Where-e'er she trod 'twas green beneath;  
 Where-e'er she turn'd, the pulses beat  
 With new recruits of genial heat;  
 And in her train the birds appear,  
 To match for all the coming year.

Rais'd on a bank where daisies grew,  
 And v'lets intermix'd a blue,  
 She finds the boy she went to find;  
 A thousand pleasures wait behind;



Aside, a thousand arrows ly,  
But all unfeather'd wait to fly.

When they met, the Dame and Boy,  
Dancing Graces, idle Joy,  
Wanton Smiles, and airy Play  
Conspir'd to make the scene be gay  
Love pair'd the birds through all the grove,  
And Nature bid them sing to Love,  
Sitting, hopping, flutt'ring, sing,  
And pay their tribute from the wing,  
To fledge the shafts that idly ly,  
And yet unfeather'd wait to fly.

'Tis thus, when Spring renews the blood,  
They meet in ev'ry trembling wood,  
And thrice they make the plumes agree,  
And ev'ry dart they mount with three,  
And ev'ry dart can boast a kind,  
Which suits each proper turn of mind.

From the tow'ring eagle's plume  
The gen'rous hearts accepts their doom:  
Shot by the peacock's painted eye  
The vain and airy lovers die:  
For careful dames and frugal men,  
The shafts are speckled by the hen.  
The pyes and parrots deck the darts,  
When prattling wins the panting hearts;  
When from the voice the passions spring,  
The warbling finch affords a wing:  
Together, by the sparrow stung,  
Down fall the wanton and the young:  
And fledg'd by geese the weapons fly,  
When others love they know not why,

All this (as late I chanc'd to rove)  
 I learn'd in yonder waving grove.  
 And see, says Love, who call'd me near,  
 How much I deal with Nature here;  
 How both support a proper part,  
 She gives the feather, I the dart:  
 Then cease for souls averse to fight,  
 If Nature cross ye, so do I;  
 My weapon there unfeather'd flies,  
 And shakes and shuffles thro' the skies.  
 But if the mutual charms I find  
 By which she links you mind to mind,  
 They wing my shafts, I poize the darts,  
 And strike from both, through both your hearts.

### ANACREONTIC.

**G**AY Bacchus liking Estcourt's wine,  
 A noble meal bespoke us;  
 And for the guests that were to dine,  
 Brought Comus, Love, and Jocus.

The God near Cupid drew his chair,  
 Near Comus, Jocus plac'd;  
 For wine makes Love forget its care,  
 And mirth exalts a feast.

The more to please the sprightly God,  
 Each sweet engaging Grace  
 Put on some clothes to come abroad,  
 And took a waiter's place.

Then Cupid nam'd at ev'ry glass,  
 A lady of the sky;  
 While Bacchus swore he'd drink the las,  
 And had it bumper-high.

Fat Comus tost his brimmers o'er,  
 And always got the most;  
 Jocus took care to fill him more,  
 Whene'er he mis'd the toat.

They call'd, and drank at ev'ry touch;  
 He fill'd and drank again;  
 And if the Gods can take too much,  
 'Tis said, they did so then.

Gay Bacchus little Cupid stung;  
 By reck'ning his deceits;  
 And Cupid mock'd his stamm'ring tongue,  
 With all his stagg'ring gaits:

And Jocus droll'd on Comus' ways,  
 And tales without a jest;  
 While Comus call'd his witty plays  
 But waggeries at best.

Such talk soon set them all at odds;  
 And, had I Homer's pen,  
 I'd sing ye, how they drank like Gods,  
 And how they fought like Men.

To part the fray, the Graces fly,  
 Who make them soon agree;  
 Nay, had the Furies selves been nigh,  
 They still were three to three,

Bacchus appeas'd, rais'd Cupid up,  
And gave him back his bow;  
But kept some darts to stir the cup,  
Where sack and sugar flow.

Jocus took Comus' rosy crown,  
And gayly wore the prize,  
And thrice in mirth he push'd him down,  
As thrice he strove to rise.

Then Cupid sought the myrtle grove,  
Where Venus did recline;  
And Venus close embracing Love,  
They join'd to rail at wine.

And Comus loudly cursing Wit,  
Roll'd off to some retreat;  
Where boon companions gravely sit  
In fat unwieldy state.

Bacchus and Jocus still behind,  
For one fresh glass prepare;  
They kiss and are exceeding kind,  
And vow to be sincere.

But part in time, whoever hear  
This our instructive song;  
For tho' such friendship may be dear,  
They can't continue long.

A  
FAIRY TALE.

IN THE  
ANCIENT ENGLISH STYLE.

THE FIRST PART

OF THE HISTORY OF THE



A  
F A I R Y T A L E.

I N T H E

A N C I E N T E N G L I S H S T Y L E.

I N Britain's isle, and Arthur's days,  
When midnight Fairies daunc'd the maze,  
    Liv'd Edwin of the Green;  
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,  
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,  
    Tho' badly shap'd he'd been.

His mountain back mote well be said,  
To measure height against his head,  
    And lift itself above;  
Yet spite of all that Nature did  
To make his uncouth form forbid,  
    This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,  
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,  
    Cou'd ladies look within;  
But one Sir Topaz dress'd with art,  
And, if a shape cou'd win a heart,  
    He had a shape to win.

Edwin, if right I read my song,  
With slighted passion pac'd along  
    All in the moony light ;  
'Twas near an old enchanted court,  
Where sportive fairies made resort  
    To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,  
'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was lost  
    That reach'd the neighbour-town ;  
With weary steps he quits the shades,  
Resolv'd, the darkling dome he treads,  
    And drops his limbs adown.

But scant he lays him on the floor,  
When hollow winds remove the door,  
    And trembling, rocks the ground :  
And, well I ween to count aright,  
At once a hundred tapers light  
    On all the walls around.

Now founding tongues assail his ear,  
Now founding feet approachen near,  
    And now the sounds increase :  
And from the corner where he lay  
He sees a train profusely gay  
    Come pranking o'er the place.

But (trust me Gentles !) never yet  
Was dight a masquing half so neat,  
    Or half so rich before ;  
The country lent the sweet perfumes,  
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,  
    The town its silken store.

Now whilst he gaz'd, a gallant drest  
In flaunting robes above the rest,  
    With awful accent cry'd;  
What mortal of a wretched mind,  
Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,  
    Has here presum'd to hide?

At this the swain, whose vent'rous soul  
No fears of magic art controul,  
    Advanc'd in open fight;  
"Nor have I cause of dread," he said,  
"Who view, by no presumption led,  
    "Your revels of the night,

"'Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,  
"Which made my steps unweeting rove  
    "Amid the nightly dew."  
"'Tis well," the gallant cries again,  
"We fairies never injure men  
    "Who dare to tell us true.

"Exalt thy love-dejected heart,  
"Be mine the task, or ere we part,  
    "    To make thee grief resign;  
"Now take the pleasure of thy chance;  
"Whilst I with Mab, my partner, daunce,  
    "Be little Mable thine."

He spoke, and all a sudden there  
Light music floats in wanton air;  
    The Monarch leads the Queen;  
The rest their fairy partners found:  
And Mable trimly tript the ground  
    With Edwin of the Green.

The daunceing past, the board was laid,  
And siker such a feast was made  
    As heart and lip desire,  
Withouten hands the dishes fly,  
The glasses with a wish come nigh,  
    And with a wish retire.

But now to please the fairy king,  
Full ev'ry deal they laugh and sing,  
    And antic feats devise;  
Some wind and tumble like an ape,  
And other some transmute their shape  
    In Edwin's wond'ring eyes.

'Till one at last, that Robin hight,  
Renown'd for pinching maids by night,  
    Has bent him up aloof;  
And full against the beam he flung,  
Where by the back the youth he hung  
    To spraul unneath the roof.

From thence, "reverse my charm," he crys,  
"And let it fairly now suffice  
    " The gambol has been shown."  
But Oberon answers with a smile,  
"Content thee Edwin for a while,  
    " The vantage is thine own."

Here ended all the phantom-play;  
They smelt the fresh approach of day,  
    And heard a cock to crow;  
The whirling wind that bore the crowd  
Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud,  
    To warn them all to go.

Then screaming all at once they fly,  
And all at once the tapers dye;  
    Poor Edwin falls to floor;  
Forlorn his state, and dark the place,  
Was never wight in sike in a case  
    Thro' all the land before.

But soon as dan Apollo rose,  
Full jolly creature home he goes,  
    He feels his back the less;  
His honest tongue and steady mind  
Had rid him of the lump behind,  
    Which made him want success.

With lusty livelyhed he talks,  
He seems a dauncing as he walks,  
    His story soon took wind;  
And beauteous Edith sees the youth  
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,  
    Without a bunch behind.

The story told, Sir Topaz mov'd,  
The youth of Edith erst approv'd,  
    To see the revel scene:  
At close of eve he leaves his home,  
And wends to find the ruin'd dome  
    All on the gloomy pain.

As there he bides, it so befell,  
The wind came rustling down a dell,  
    A shaking seiz'd the wall;  
Up-spring the tapers as before,  
The fairies bragly foot the floor,  
    And music fills the hall.



But certes forely sunk with wo  
 Sir Topaz sees the Elphin shew,  
     His spirits in him dy;  
 When Oberon crys, "A man is near,  
 "A mortal passion, cleeped fear,  
     " Hangs flagging in the sky."

With that Sir Topaz, hapless youth!  
 In accents fault'ring, ay for ruth,  
     Intreats them pity graunt;  
 For als he been a mister wight  
 Betray'd by wand'ring in the night  
     To tread the circled haunt;

"Ah Lofell vile," at once they roar;  
 "And little skill'd of fairy lore,  
     "Thy cause to come, we know:  
 "Now has thy kestrell courage fell;  
 "And fairies, since a lye you tell;  
     "Are free to work thee wo."

Then Will, who bears the wispy fire  
 To trail the swains among the mire,  
     The caitive upward flung;  
 There like a tortoise in a shop  
 He dangled from the chamber-top,  
     Where whilome Edwine hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,  
 Deftly they frisk it o'er the place,  
     They sit, they drink, and eat;  
 The time with frolic mirth beguile,  
 And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while  
     'Till all the rout retreat,

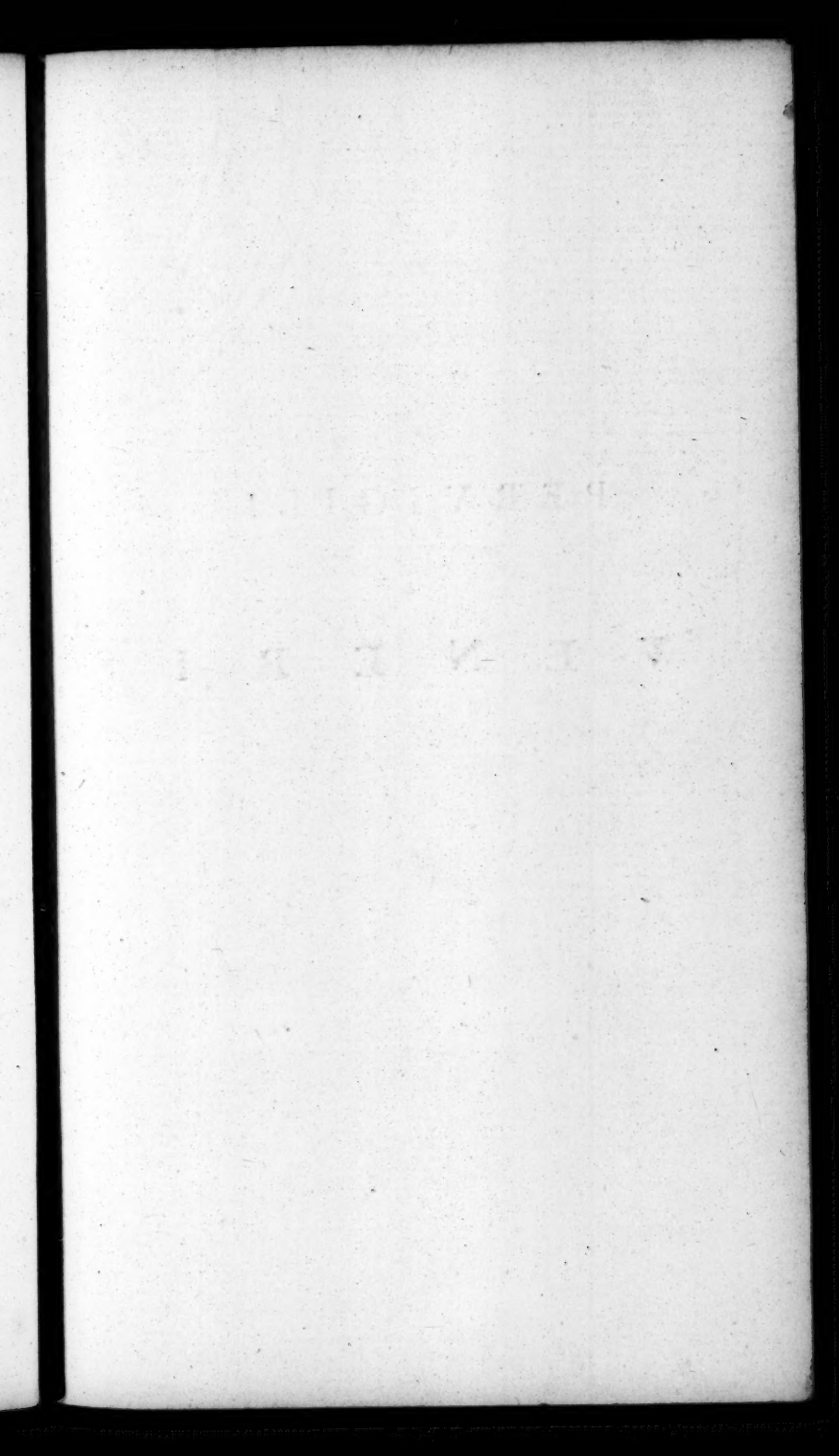
By this the stars began to wink,  
 They shriek, they fly, the tapers sink,  
     And down ydrops the knight:  
 For never spell by fairie laid  
 With strong enchantment bound a glade,  
     Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,  
 Till up the welkin rose the day,  
     Then deem'd the dole was o'er:  
 But wot ye well his harder lot?  
 His seely back the bunch had got  
     Which Edwin lost afore.

This tale a Sybil-nurse ared;  
 She softly stroak'd my youngling head,  
     And when the tale was done,  
 " Thus some are born, my son," she cries,  
 " With base impediments to rise,  
     And some are born with none.

" But virtue can itself advance  
 " To what the fav'rite fools of chance  
     " By fortune seem design'd;  
 " Virtue can gain the odds of fate,  
 " And from itself shake off the weight  
     " Upon th' unworthy mind."





P E R V I G I L I U M

V E N E R I S.



THE  
VIGIL OF VENUS.

WRITTEN IN THE TIME OF  
JULIUS CÆSAR,

And by some  
ASCRIBED TO CATULLUS.

H

THE  
VIGIL OF VENUE

WITHIN THE TIME OF

JULIO C. S. A. L.

And the

ASCRIBED TO CATULLUS

RE BAYL G I I G M

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P E R V I G I L I U M  
V E N E R I S.

*C*RAS amet, qui nunquam amavit; quique a-  
mavit, cras amet.

Ver novum, ver jam canorum: vere natus orbis est,  
Vere concordant amores, vere nubent alites,  
Et nemus comam resolvit de maritis imbribus.  
Cras amorem copulatrix inter umbras arborum  
Implicat gazas virentes de flagello myrteo.  
Cras Dione jura dicit, fulta sublimi throno.

*C*ras amet, qui nunquam amavit; quique amavit,  
eras amet.

THE  
VIGIL OF VENUS.

Written in the time of

JULIUS CÆSAR,

AND BY SOME

ASCRIBED TO CATULLUS.

*LET those love now, who never lov'd before,  
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*

The Spring, the new, the warbling Spring ap-  
The youthful season of reviving years; [pears,  
In Spring the loves enkindle mutual heats,  
The feather'd nation choose their tuneful mates,  
The trees grow fruitful with descending rain,  
And dress'd in diff'ring greens adorn the plain.  
She comes; to-morrow Beauty's Empress roves  
Thro' walks that winding run within the groves;  
She twines the shooting myrtle into bow'rs,  
And ties their meeting tops with wreaths of flow'rs,  
Then rais'd sublimely on her easy throne,  
From Nature's pow'ful dictates draws her own.

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before;  
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*



Tunc liquore de superno, spumeo ponti e globo,  
Cæulas inter catervas, inter & bipedes equos,  
Fecit undantem Dionen de maritis imbris.

*Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit; quique amavit  
cras amet.*

Ipsa gemmas purpurantem pingit annum flo-  
ribus,

Ipsa surgentis papillas de Favoni spiritu,  
Urguet in toros repentes; ipsa roris lucidi,  
Noctis aura quem relinquit, spargit umentis aquas,  
Et micant lachrymæ trementes decidivo pondere.  
Gutta præceps orbe parvo sustinet casus suos.  
In pudorem florulentæ prodiderunt purpuræ.  
Umor illæ, quem serenis astra rorant noctibus.  
Mane virgines papillas solvit umentì peplo.  
Ipsa jussit mane ut udæ virgines nubant rosæ  
Fusæ prius de cruore deque amoris osculis,  
Deque gemmis, deque flammis, deque solis purpuris.

'Twas on that day which saw the teeming flood  
Swell'd round, impregnate with celestial blood;  
Wand'ring in circles stood the finny crew,  
The midst was left a void expanse of blue,  
There parent Ocean work'd with heaving throes,  
And, dropping, wet the fair Dione rose.

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before;  
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*

She paints the purple year with vary'd show,  
Tips the green gem, and makes the blossom glow.  
She makes the turgid buds receive the breeze,  
Expand to leaves, and shade the naked trees.  
When gath'ring damps the misty nights diffuse,  
She sprinkles all the morn with balmy dews;  
Bright trembling pearls depend at ev'ry spray,  
And kept from falling, seem to fall away.  
A glossy freshness hence the rose receives,  
And blushes sweet through all her silken leaves;  
(The drops descending through the silent night,  
While stars serenely roll their golden light.)  
Close 'till the morn, her humid veil she holds;  
Then deckt with virgin-pomp the flow'r unfolds.  
Soon will the morning blush: Ye maids! prepare,  
In rosy garlands bind your flowing hair;  
'Tis Venus' plant: the blood fair Venus shed,  
O'er the gay beauty pour'd immortal red;  
From love's soft kiss a sweet ambrosial smell  
Was taught for ever on the leaves to dwell;  
From gems, from flames, from orient rays of light,  
The richest lustre makes her purple bright:  
And she to-morrow weds; the sporting gale  
Unties her zone, she bursts the verdant veil;

Cras ruborum qui latebat veste tectus ignea,  
Unica marito nodo non pudebit solvere.

*Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit; quique amavit,  
cras amet.*

Ipsa Nymfas Diva luco iussit ire myrteo  
Et puer comes puellis. Nec tamen credi potest  
Esse Amorem feriatum, si sagittas vexerit.  
Ite Nymfæ: posuit arma, feriatum est Amor.  
Iussus est inermis ire, nudus ire iussus est:  
Neu quid arcu, neu sagitta, neu quid igne læderet.  
Sed tamen cavete Nymfæ, quod Cupido pulcher est:  
Totus est inermis idem, quando nudus est amor.

*Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit; quique amavit,  
cras amet.*

Compari Venus pudore mittit ad te virgines.  
Una res est quam rogamus, cede virgo Delia,  
Ut nemus sit incruentum de ferinis stragibus.  
Ipsa vellet ut venires, si deceret virginem:  
Jam tribus choros videres feriatos noctibus:  
Congreges inter catervas ire par saltus tuos,  
Floreas inter coronas, myrteas inter cascas.  
Nec Ceres, nec Bacchus absunt, nec poetarum  
Deus;

Thro' all her sweets the rifling lover flies,  
And as he breathes, her glowing fires arise.

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before;  
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*

Now fair Dione to the myrtle grove  
Sends the gay Nymphs, and sends her tender love.  
And shall they venture? Is it safe to go?  
While Nymphs have hearts, and Cupid wears a  
Yes, safely venture, 'tis his mother's will; [bow?  
He walks unarm'd and undefigning ill,  
His torch extinct, his quiver useless hung,  
His arrows idle, and his bow unstrung.  
And yet, ye Nymphs, beware, his eyes have charms;  
And love that's naked, still is love in arms.

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before;  
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*

From Venus' bow'r to Delia's lodge repairs  
A virgin-train complete with modest airs:  
"Chaste Delia! grant our suit! or shun the wood,  
"Nor stain this sacred lawn with savage blood.  
"Venus, O Delia! if she could persuade,  
"Wou'd ask thy presence, might she ask a maid."  
Here chearful quires for three auspicious nights  
With songs prolong the pleasurable rites:  
Here crouds in measure lightly-decent rove;  
Or seek by pairs the covert of the grove,  
Where meeting greens for arbours arch above,  
And mingling flow'rets strow the scenes of love,  
Here dancing Ceres shakes her golden sheaves;  
Here Bacchus revels, deck'd with viny leaves:

Decinent et tota nox est pervigila cantibus.  
Regnet in silvis Dione : tu recede Delia.

*Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit; quique amavit,  
cras amet.*

Jussit Hiblæis tribunal stare diva floribus.  
Præiens ipsa jura dicit, adfederunt gratiæ.  
Hibla totos funde flores quidquid annus adtulit.  
Hibla florum rumpe vestem, quantus *Ænnæ* campus est.

Ruris hic erunt puellæ, vel puellæ montium,  
Quæque silvas, quæque lucos, quæque montes incolunt.

Jussit omnis adfidere pueri Mater alitas,  
Jussit et nudo puellas nil Amori credere.

*Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit; quique amavit,  
cras amet.*

Et recentibus virentes ducat umbras floribus.  
Cras erat qui primus æther copulavit nuptias,  
Ut pater roris crearet vernis annum nubibus  
In sinum maritus imber fluxit almæ conjugis,



Here wits enchanting God, in laurel crown'd,  
 Wakes all the ravish'd hours with silver sound.  
 Ye fields, ye forests, own Dione's reign,  
 And Delia, huntress Delia, shun the plain.

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before ;  
 Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*

Gay with the bloom of all her op'ning year,  
 The Queen at Hybla bids her throne appear ;  
 And there presides ; and there the fav'rite band  
 (Her smiling Graces) share the great command.  
 Now, beauteous Hybla ! dress thy flow'ry beds  
 With all the pride the lavish season sheds ;  
 Now all thy colours, all thy fragrance yield,  
 And rival Enna's aromatic field.  
 To fill the presence of the gentle court  
 From ev'ry quarter rural nymphs resort. [vales,  
 From woods, from mountains, from their humble  
 From waters curling with the wanton gales.  
 Pleas'd with the joyful train, the laughing Queen  
 In circles seats them round the bank of green ;  
 And "lovely girls," she whispers, "guard your  
 hearts ;  
 "My boy, tho' stript of arms, abounds in arts.

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before,  
 Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*

Let tender grass in shaded alleys spread,  
 Let early flow'rs erect their painted head,  
 To-morrow's glory be to-morrow seen,  
 That day, old Ether wedded Earth in green.  
 The vernal father bid the Spring appear,  
 In clouds he coupled to produce the year,

Ut fœtus immixtus omnis aleret magno corpore,  
 Ipsa venas atque mentem permeante spiritu  
 Intus occultis gubernat procreatrix viribus,  
 Perque cœlum, perque terras, perque pontum  
     subditum,

Pervium sui tenorem feminali tramite  
 Imbuit, jussitque mundum nosse nascendi vias.

*Gras amet, qui nunquam amavit; quique amavit  
     cras amet.*

Ipsa Trojanos nepotes in Latino transtulit;  
 Ipsa Laurentem puellam conjugem nato dedit:  
 Moxque Marti de facello dat pudicam virginem.  
 Romuleas ipsa fecit cum Sabinis nuptias,  
 Unde Rameș et Quirites, proque prole posterum  
 Romuli matrem crearet et nepotem Cæsarem.

*Gras amet, qui nunquam amavit; quique amavit  
     cras amet.*

Rura fœcundat voluptas: rura Venerem fen-  
 Ipse Amor puer Dionæ rure natus dicitur. [tiunt.  
 Hunc ager cum parturiret, ipsa suscepit sinu,  
 Ipsa florum delicatis educavit osculis.

*Gras amet, qui nunquam amavit; quique amavit,  
     cras amet.*

The sap descending o'er her bosom ran,  
And all the various sorts of soul began.  
By wheels unknown to sight, by secret veins  
Distilling life, the fruitful Goddess reigns,  
Through all the lovely realms of native day,  
Through all the circled land, and circling sea ;  
With fertile seed she fill'd the pervious earth,  
And ever fix'd the mystic ways of birth.

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before ;  
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*

'Twas she, the parent, to the Latian shore  
Through various dangers Troy's remainder bore.  
She won Lavinia for her warlike son,  
And winning her, the Latian empire won.  
She gave to Mars the maid, whose honour'd womb  
Swell'd with the founder of immortal Rome.  
Decoy'd by shows the Sabin dames she led,  
And taught our vig'rous youth the way to wed.  
Hence sprung the Romans, hence the race divine  
Thro' which great Cæsar draws his Julian line.

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before ;  
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*

In rural seats the soul of pleasure reigns ;  
The life of beauty fills the rural scenes ;  
Ev'n love (if fame the truth of love declare)  
Drew first the breathings of a rural air.  
Some pleasing meadow pregnant beauty prest,  
She laid her infant on its flow'ry breast,  
From Nature's sweets he sipp'd the fragrant dew,  
He smil'd, he kiss'd them, and by kissing grew.

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before ;  
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*

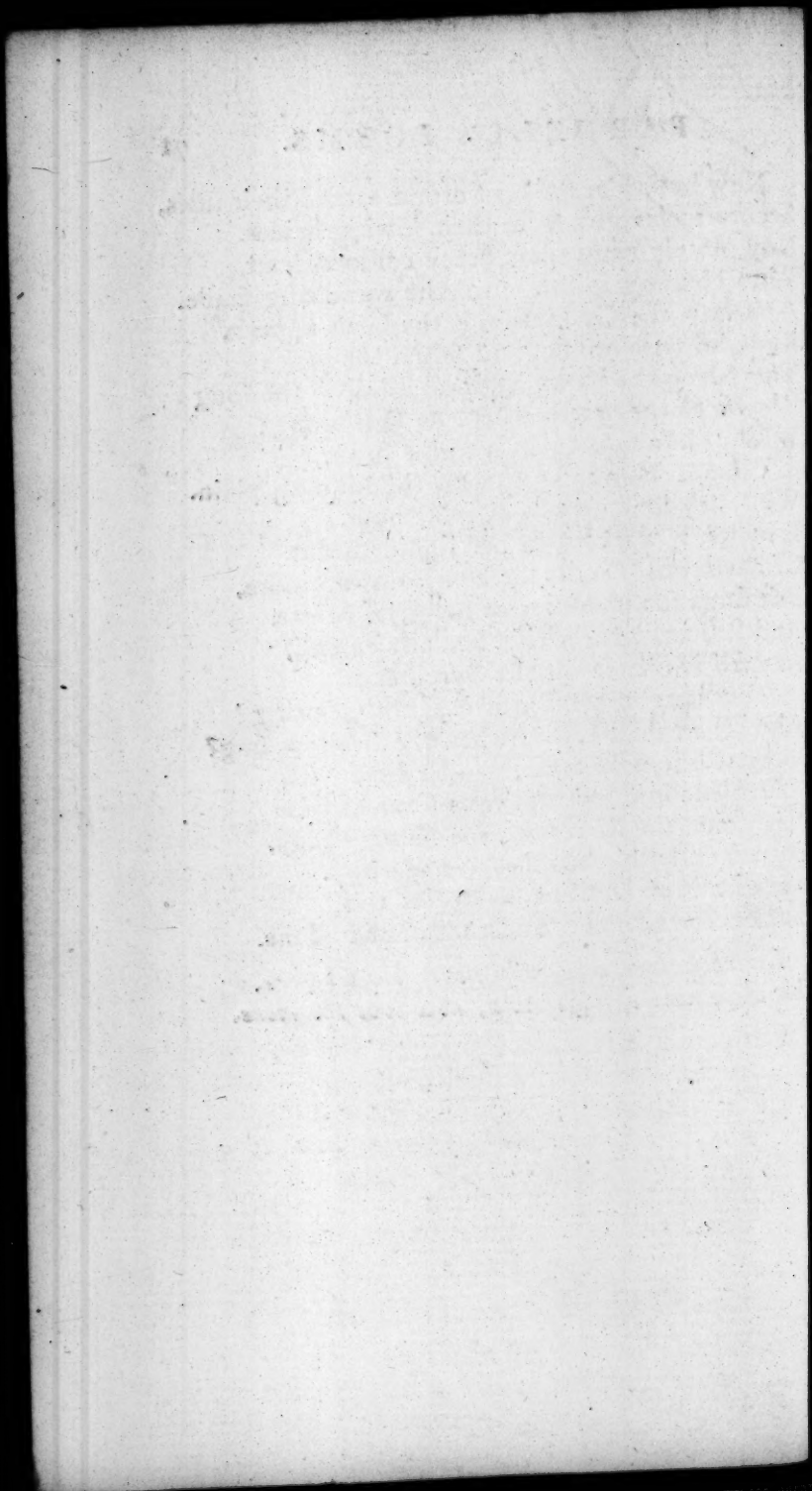
Ecce, jam super genistas explicant tauri latus.  
Quisque tuus quo tenetur conjugali fœdere.  
Subter umbras cum maritis ecce balantum gregem.  
Et canoras non tacere Diva jussit alites.  
Jam loquaces ore rauco stagna cygni perstrepunt,  
Adsonat Terei puella subter umbram populi,  
Ut putas motus Amoris ore dici musico,  
Et neges queri sororem de marito barbaro.  
Illa cantat: nos tacemus: quando ver venit meum?  
Quando faciam ut celidon, ut tacere desinam?  
Perdidi Musam tacendo, nec me Phoebus respicit.  
Sic Amyclas, cum tacerent, perdidit silentium.  
*Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit; quique amavit,  
cras amet.*

Now bulls o'er stalks of broom extend their sides,  
Secure of favours from their lowing brides.  
Now stately rams their fleecy comforts lead,  
Who bleating follow thro' the wand'ring shade.  
And now the Goddess bids the birds appear,  
Raise all their music, and salute the year :  
Then deep the Swan begins, and deep the song  
Runs o'er the water where he sails along ;  
While Philomela turns a treble strain,  
And from the poplar charms the list'ning plain:  
We fancy love express'd at ev'ry note,  
It melts, it warbles, in her liquid throat.  
Of barb'rous Tereus she complains no more,  
But sings for pleasures as for grief before.  
And still her graces rise, her airs extend,  
And all is silence till the Syren end.

How long in coming is my lovely Spring ?  
And when shall I, and when the swallow sing ?  
Sweet Philomela cease,——Or here I sit,  
And silent lose my rapt'rous hour of wit :  
'Tis gone, the fit retires, the flames decay,  
My tuneful Phoebus flies averse away.  
His own Amycle thus, as stories run,  
But once was silent, and that once undone.

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before,  
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*





H O M E R ' s  
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## NAMES of the FROGS.

**P**HYSIGNATHUS, *One who swells his cheeks.*

Pelus, *A name from mud.*

Hydromeduse, *A ruler in the waters.*

Hypsihoas, *A loud bauler.*

Pelion, *from mud.*

Scutlæus, *called from the bees.*

Polyphonus, *a great babbler.*

Lymnocharis, *one who loves the lake.*

Crambophagus, *a cabbage-eater.*

Lymnisius, *called from the lake.*

Calaminthius, *from the herb.*

Hydrocharis, *who loves the water.*

Borborocatēs, *who lyes in the mud.*

Prasophagus, *an eater of garlic.*

Pelusius, *from mud.*

Pelobates, *who walks in the dirt.*

Pressæus, *called from garlic.*

Craugasides, *from croaking.*

## NAMES of the MICE.

**P**SYCARPAX, *one who plunders granaries.*

Troxartās, *a bread-eater.*

Lychomile, *a lick of meal.*

Pternotractas, *a bacon-eater.*

Lychopynax, *a lick of dishes.*

Embafichytros, *a creeper in to pots.*

Lychenor, *a name for licking.*

Froglostyes, *one who runs into holes.*

Artophagus, *who feeds on bread.*

Tyroglyphus, *a cheese-scooper.*

Pternoglyphus, *a bacon-scooper.*

Pternophagus, *a bacon-eater.*

Cnissodioctes, *one who follows the steam of kitchens.*

Sitophagus, *an eater of wheat.*

Meridarpax, *one who plunders his share.*

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# H O M E R ' s

## BATTLE OF THE FROGS, &c.

### B O O K I.

**T**O fill my rising song with sacred fire,  
Ye tuneful Nine, ye sweet celestial quire !  
From Helicon's imbow'ring height repair,  
Attend my labours, and reward my pray'r ;  
The dreadful toils of raging Mars I write,  
The springs of contest, and the fields of fight ;  
How threat'ning Mice advanc'd with warlike grace,  
And wag'd dire combats with the croaking race.  
Not louder tumults shook Olympus' tow'rs,  
When earth-born giants dar'd Immortal Pow'rs.  
These equal acts an equal glory claim,  
And thus the Muse records the tale of Fame :  
Once on a time, fatigu'd and out of breath,  
And just escap'd the stretching claws of Death,  
A gentle Mouse, whom cats pursu'd in vain,  
Fled swift of foot across the neighb'ring plain,  
Hung o'er a brink, his eager thirst to cool,  
And dipp'd his whiskers in the standing pool ;

When near a courteous Frog advanc'd his head ;  
And from the waters, hoarse-resounding said :

What art thou, stranger? what the line you boast?  
What chance has cast thee panting on our coast?  
With strictest truth let all thy words agree,  
Nor let me find a faithless Mouse in thee.  
If worthy friendship, proffer'd friendship take,  
And ent'ring view the pleasurable lake :  
Range o'er my palace, in my bounty share,  
And glad return from hospitable fare.  
This silver realm extends beneath my sway,  
And me, their Monarch, all its Frogs obey.  
Great Phrygnathus I, from Peleus' race,  
Begot in fair Hydromede's embrace,  
Where by the nuptial bank that paints his side,  
The swift Eridanius delights to glide.  
Thee too, thy form, thy strength, and port proclaim  
A scepter'd King ; a son of martial Fame ;  
Then trace thy line, and aid my guessing eyes.  
Thus ceas'd the Frog, and thus the Mouse replies :

Known to the Gods, the men, the birds that fly  
Thro' wild expanses of the midway sky,  
My name resounds ; and if unknown to thee,  
The soul of great Psycrapax lives in me.  
Of brave Troxartas' line, whose sleeky down  
In love compress'd Lychomile the brown.  
My mother she, and Princess of the plains  
Where-e'er her father Pternotractas reigns.  
Born where a cabin lifts its airy shed,  
With figs, with nuts, with vary'd dainties fed.  
But since our natures nought in common know,  
From what foundation can a friendship grow?

These curling waters o'er my palace roll;  
 But man's high food supports my princely soul:  
 In vain the circled loaves attempt to lye  
 Conceal'd in flasks from my curious eye.  
 In vain the tripe that boasts the whitest hue,  
 In vain the gilded bacon shuns my view,  
 In vain the cheeses, offspring of the paile,  
 Or honey'd cakes, which Gods themselves regale,  
 And as in arts I shine, in arms I fight,  
 Mix'd with the bravest, and unknown to flight,  
 Tho' large to mine, the human form appear,  
 Not man himself can smite my soul with fear;  
 Sly to the bed with silent steps I go,  
 Attempt his finger, or attack his toe,  
 And fix indented wounds with dextrous skill,  
 Sleeping he feels, and only seems to feel.  
 Yet have we foes which direful dangers cause,  
 Grim owls with talons arm'd, and cats with claws,  
 And that false trap, the den of silent fate,  
 Where Death his ambush plants around the bait:  
 All dreaded these, and dreadful o'er the rest  
 The potent warriors of the tabby vest,  
 If to the dark we fly, the dark they trace,  
 And rend our heroes of the nibbling race;  
 But me, nor stalks, nor wat'rish herbs delight,  
 Nor can the crimson radish charm my sight,  
 The lake-resounding Frogs selected fare,  
 Which not a Mouse of any taste can bear.

As thus the downy Prince his mind exprest,  
 His answer thus the croaking King address:

Thy words luxuriant on thy dainties rove,  
 And, stranger, we can boast of bounteous Jove:

We sport in water, or we dance on land,  
And born amphibious, food from both command.  
But trust thyself where wonders ask thy view,  
And safely tempt those seas, I'll bear thee thro';  
Ascend my shoulders, firmly keep thy seat,  
And reach my marshy court, and feast in state.

He said, and bent his back; with nimble bound  
Leaps the light Mouse, and clasps his arms  
around,

Then wond'ring floats, and sees with glad survey  
The winding banks resembling ports at sea.  
But when aloft the curling water rides,  
And wets with azure wave his downy sides,  
His thoughts grow conscious of approaching wo,  
His idle tears with vain repentance flow,  
His locks he rends, his trembling feet he rears,  
Thick beats his heart with unaccustom'd fears;  
He sighs, and chill'd with danger, longs for shore:  
His tail extended forms a fruitless oar,  
Half drench'd in liquid death his pray'rs he spake,  
And thus bemoan'd him from the dreadful lake:

So pass'd Europa thro' the rapid sea,  
Trembling and fainting all the vent'rous way;  
With oary feet the bull triumphant rode,  
And safe in Crete depos'd his lovely load.  
Ah safe at last! may thus the Frog support  
My trembling limbs to reach his ample court

As thus he sorrows, death ambiguous grows,  
Lo! from the deep a Water-Hydra rose;  
He rolls his sanguin'd eyes, his bosom heaves,  
And darts with active rage along the waves.

Confus'd, the Monarch sees his hissing foe,  
 And dives, to shun the fable fates, below.  
 Forgetful Frog! the friend thy shoulders bore,  
 Unskill'd in swimming, floats remote from shore.  
 He grasps with fruitless hands to find relief,  
 Supinely falls, and grinds his teeth with grief;  
 Plunging he sinks, and struggling mounts again,  
 And sinks, and strives, but strives with fate in vain.  
 The weighty moisture clogs his hairy vest,  
 And thus the Prince his dying rage exprest:

Nor thou, that fling'st me flound'ring from thy  
 back,

As from hard rocks rebounds the shatt'ring wrack,  
 Nor thou shalt 'scape thy due, perfidious King!  
 Pursu'd by vengeance on the swiftest wing:  
 At land thy strength could never equal mine,  
 At sea to conquer, and by craft, was thine.  
 But Heav'n has Gods, and Gods have searching  
 eyes:

Ye Mice, ye Mice, my great avengers rise!

This said, he sighing gasp'd, and gasping dy'd,  
 His death the young Lychophynax espy'd,  
 As on the flow'ry brink, he pass'd the day,  
 Bask'd in the beams, and loiter'd life away.  
 Loud shrieks the Mouse, his shrieks the shores  
 repeat;

The nibbling nation learn their hero's fate:  
 Grief, dismal grief ensues; deep murmurs found,  
 And shriller fury fills the deafen'd ground.  
 From lodge to lodge the sacred heralds run,  
 To fix their council with the rising sun;

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Where great Troxartas crown'd in glory reigns,  
And winds his length'ning court beneath the plains.  
Pfy Carpax' father, father now no more!  
For poor Pfy Carpax lyes remote from shore;  
Supine he lyes! the silent waters stand,  
And no kind billow wafts the dead to land!

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B O O K II.

WHEN rosy-finger'd morn had ting'd the clouds,  
Around their Monarch-mouse the nation crouds,  
Slow rose the Sov'reign, heav'd his anxious breast,  
And thus the council, fill'd with rage, address:

For lost Psycarpax much my soul endures,  
'Tis mine the private grief, the public yours.  
Three warlike sons adorn'd my nuptial bed;  
Three sons, alas, before their father dead!  
Our eldest perish'd by the rav'ning cat,  
As near my court the Prince unheedful sat,  
Our next, an engine fraught with danger drew,  
The portal gap'd, the bait was hung in view,  
Dire arts assist the trap, the fates decoy,  
And men unpitying kill'd my gallant boy!  
The last, his country's hope, his parents pride,  
Plung'd in the lake by Phylignathus, dy'd;  
Rouse all to war, my friends! avenge the deed;  
And bleed that Monarch, and his nation bleed.

His words in ev'ry breast inspir'd alarms,  
And careful Mars supply'd their host with arms.  
In verdant hulls despoil'd of all their beans,  
The buskin'd warriors stalk'd along the plains:  
Quills aptly bound, their bracing corselet made,  
Fac'd with the plunder of a cat they slay'd:  
The lamps round bos affords them ample shield;  
Large shells of nuts their cov'ring helmet yield;  
And o'er the region, with reflected rays,  
Tall groves of needles for their lances blaze,

Dreadful in arms the marching mice appear ;  
The wond'ring Frogs perceive the tumult near,  
Forsoke the waters, thick'ning form a ring,  
And ask, and hearken, whence the noises spring.  
When near the croud, disclos'd to public view,  
The valiant Chief Embasichytros drew :  
The sacred herald's scepter grac'd his hand,  
And thus his word express'd his King's command;  
Ye Frogs ! the Mice with vengeance fir'd, ad-  
vance,

And deck'd in armour shake the shining lance :  
Their hapless Prince by Physignathus slain,  
Extends incumbent on the wat'ry plain.  
Then arm your host, the doubtful battle try ;  
Lead forth those Frogs that have the soul to die.  
The Chief retires, the croud the challenge hear,  
And proudly swelling yet perplex'd appear :  
Much they resent, yet much their Monarch blame,  
Who rising, spoke to clear his tainted fame :

O friends, I never forc'd the Mouse to death,  
Nor saw the gasping of his latest breath.  
He, vain of youth, our art of swimming try'd,  
And vent'rous, in the lake the wanton dy'd.  
To vengeance now by false appearance led,  
They point their anger at my guiltless head.  
But wage the rising war by deep device,  
And turn its fury on the crafty Mice.  
Your King directs the way, my thoughts elate  
With hopes of conquest, form designs of fate.  
Where high the banks their verdant surface heave,  
And the steep sides confine the sleeping wave,

There, near the margin, clad in armour bright,  
Sustain the first impetuous shocks of fight :  
Then, where the dancing feather joins the crest,  
Let each brave Frog his obvious Mouse arrest ;  
Each strongly grasping, headlong plunge a foe,  
'Till countless circles whirl the lake below ;  
Down sink the Mice in yielding waters drown'd ;  
Loud flash the waters ; and the shores resound :  
The Frogs triumphant tread the conquer'd plain,  
And raise their glorious trophies of the slain.

He spake no more, his prudent scheme imparts  
Redoubling ardour to the boldest hearts.

Green was the suit his arming heroes chose,  
Around their legs the greaves of mallows close,  
Green were the beets about their shoulders laid,  
And green the colewort which the target made.  
Form'd of the vary'd shells the waters yield,  
Their glossy helmets glist'ned o'er the field :  
And tap'ring sea-reeds for the polish'd spear,  
With upright order pierc'd the ambient air.  
Thus dress'd for war, they take th' appointed  
height,

Seize the long arms, and urge the promis'd fight.

But now, where Jove's irradiate spires arise,  
With stars surrounded in ethereal skies,  
(A solemn council call'd) the brazen gates  
Unbar ; the Gods assume their golden seats :  
The fire superior leans, and points to show  
What wond'rous combats mortals wage below :  
How strong, how large, the num'rous heroes stride,  
What length of lance they shake with warlike pride!

What eager fire, their rapid march reveals !  
So the fierce Centaurs ravag'd o'er the dales ;  
And so confirm'd, the daring Titans rose,  
Heap'd hills on hills, and bid the Gods be foes.

This seen, the Pow'r his sacred visage rears,  
He casts a pitying smile on worldly cares,  
And asks what heav'nly guardians take the list,  
Or who the Mice, or who the Frogs assist ?

Then thus to Pallas : If my daughter's mind  
Have join'd the Mice, why stays she still behind ?  
Drawn forth by sav'ry streams they wind their way,  
And sure attendance round thine altar pay,  
Where while the victims gratify their taste,  
They sport to please the Goddess of the feast.

Thus spake the ruler of the spacious skies,  
But thus, resolv'd the Blue-ey'd Maid replies :  
In vain, my father ! all their dangers plead,  
To such thy Pallas never grants her aid.  
My flow'ry wreaths they petulantly spoil,  
And rob my chrystal lamps of feeding oil.  
(Ills following ills !) but what afflicts me more,  
My veil, that idle race profanely tore.

The web was curious, wrought with art divine ;  
Relentless wretches ! all the work was mine !  
Along the loom the purple warp I spread,  
Cast the light shoot and crost the silver thread ;  
In this their teeth a thousand breaches tear,  
The thousand breaches skilful hands repair,  
For which, vile earthly dunn's thy daughter grieve,  
(The Gods, that use no coin, have none to give.  
And learning's Goddess never less can owe,  
Neglected learning gains no wealth below.)

Nor let the Frogs to win my succour sue,  
Those clam'rous fools have lost my favour too.  
For late, when all the conflict ceas'd at night,  
When my stretch'd sinews work'd with eager fight,  
When spent with glorious toil I left the field,  
And sunk for slumber on my swelling shield;  
Lo from the deep, repelling sweet repose,  
With noisy croakings half the nation rose:  
Devoid of rest, with aching brows I lay,  
'Till cocks proclaim'd the crimson dawn of day.  
Let all, like me, from either host forbear,  
Nor tempt the flying furies of the spear,  
Let heav'nly blood (or what for blood may flow)  
Adorn the conquest of a meaner foe.  
Some daring Mouse may meet the wond'rous odds,  
Tho' Gods oppose, and brave the wounded Gods,  
O'er gilded clouds reclin'd, the danger view,  
And be the wars of mortal scenes for you.

So mov'd the Blue-ey'd Queen, her words per-  
Great Jove assented, and the rest obey'd. [suade,

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME THE FIRST

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CHARLES THE FIRST

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### B O O K III.

**N**OW front to front the marching armies shine,  
Halt ere they meet, and form the length'ning line:  
The Chiefs conspicuous seen and heard afar,  
Give the loud signal to the rushing war;  
Their dreadful trumpets deep-mouth'd hornets  
    sound,

The sounded charge re-murmurs o'er the ground,  
Ev'n Jove proclaims a field of horror nigh,  
And rolls low thunder thro' the troubled sky.

First to the fight large Hypsiboas flew,  
And brave Lychenor with a jav'lin flew.  
The luckless warrior fill'd with gen'rous flame,  
Stood foremost glitt'ring in the post of fame;  
When in his liver struck, the jav'lin hung,  
The Mouse fell thund'ring and the target rung;  
Prone to the ground, he sinks his closing eye,  
And soil'd in dust his lovely tresses lye.

A spear at Pelion Troglodytes cast,  
The missive spear within the bosom past;  
Death's sable shades the fainting Frog surround,  
And life's red tide runs ebbing from the wound.  
Embafichytros felt Scutlaeus' dart  
Transfix, and quiver in his panting heart;  
But great Artophagus aveng'd the slain,  
And big Scutlaeus tumbling loads the plain,  
And Polyphonus dies, a Frog renown'd  
For boastful speech and turbulence of sound;

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Deep thro' the belly pierc'd, supine he lay,  
And breath'd his soul against the face of day.

The strong Lymnocharis, who view'd with ire  
A victor triumph, and a friend expire;  
With heaving arms a rocky fragment caught,  
And fiercely flung where Troglodytes fought;  
(A warrior vers'd in arts, of sure retreat,  
But arts in vain elude impending fate;) S  
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Full on his sinewy neck the fragment fell,  
And o'er his eye-lids clouds eternal dwell.  
Lychenor (second of the glorious name)  
Striding advanc'd, and took no wand'ring aim;  
Thro' all the Frogs the shining jav'lin flies,  
And near the vanquish'd Mouse the victor dies. A  
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The dreadful stroke Crambophagus affrights,  
Long bred to banquets, less inur'd to fights,  
Heedless he runs, and stumbles o'er the steep,  
And wildly flound'ring flashes up the deep;  
Lychenor following with a downward blow,  
Reach'd in the lake his unrecover'd foe;  
Gasping he rolls, a purple stream of blood  
Distains the surface of the silver flood;  
Thro' the wide wound the rushing intrails throng,  
And slow the breathless carcase floats along. H  
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Lymnifius good Tyroglyphus assails,  
Prince of the Mice that haunt the flow'ry vales,  
Lost to the milky fares and rural feat,  
He came to perish on the bank of Fate. H  
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The dread Pternoglyphus demands the fight,  
Which tender Calaminthius shuns by flight,  
Drops the green target, springing quits the foe,  
Glides thro' the lake, and safely dives below.

But dire Pternophagus divides his way  
 Thro' breaking ranks, and leads the dreadful day.  
 No nibbling prince excell'd in fierceness more,  
 His parents fed him on the savage boar ;  
 But where his lance the field with blood imbru'd,  
 Swift as he mov'd Hydrocharis pursu'd.  
 'Till fall'n in death he lyes, a shattering stone  
 Sounds on the neck, and crushes all the bone.  
 His blood pollutes the verdure of the plain,  
 And from his nostrils bursts the gushing brain.

Lychopinax with Borborocates fights,  
 A blameless Frog, whom humbler life delights ;  
 The fatal jav'lin unrelenting flies,  
 And darkness seals the gentle Croaker's eyes.

Incens'd Prassophagus with spritely bound,  
 Bears Cnissodictes off the rising ground,  
 Then drags him o'er the lake depriv'd of breath,  
 And downward plunging sinks his soul to death.  
 But now the great Pycarpax shines afar,  
 (Scarce he so great whose loss provok'd the war)  
 Swift to revenge his fatal jav'lin fled,  
 And thro' the liver struck Pelusius dead ;  
 His freckled corps before the victor fell,  
 His soul indignant sought the shades of hell.

This saw Pelobates, and from the flood  
 Heav'd with both hands a monstrous mass of mud,  
 The cloud obscene o'er all the hero flies,  
 Dishonours his brown face, and blots his eyes.  
 Enrag'd, and wildly sputt'ring, from the shore  
 A stone immense of size the warrior bore,  
 A load of lab'ring earth, whose bulk to raise,  
 Ask ten degen'rate Mice of modern days.

Full on the leg arrives the crushing wound :  
The Frog supportless, writhes upon the ground,  
Thus flush'd, the victor wars with matchless  
force,

Till loud Craugasides arrests his course,  
Hoarse-croaking threats precede ! with fatal speed  
Deep thro' the belly ran the pointed reed,  
Then strongly tugg'd, return'd imbru'd with gore,  
And on the pile his reeking intrails bore :

The lame Sitophagus oppress'd with pain,  
Creeps from the desp'rate dangers of the plain ;  
And where the ditches' rising weeds supply  
To spread their lowly shades beneath the sky,  
There lurks the silent Mouse reliev'd from heat,  
And safe embow'r'd, avoids the chance of Fate.

But here Troxartas, Physignathus there,  
Whirl the dire furies of the pointed spear ;  
But where the foot around its ankle plies,  
Troxartas wounds, and Physignathus flies,  
Halts to the pool a safe retreat to find,  
And trails a dangling length of leg behind.  
The Mouse still urges, still the Frog retires,  
And half in anguish of the flight expires.

Then pious ardor young Pressæus brings  
Betwixt the fortunes of contending kings :  
Lank harmless Frog ! with forces hardly grown,  
He darts the reed in combat not his own,  
Which faintly tinkling on Troxartas' shield,  
Hangs at the point, and drops upon the field.

Now nobly tow'ring o'er the rest appears  
A gallant prince that far transcends his years,

Pride of his fire, and glory of his house,  
And more a Mars in combat than a Mouse:  
His action bold, robust his ample frame,  
And Meridarpax his resounding name.  
The warrior singled from the fighting croud,  
Boasts the dire honours of his arms aloud;  
Then strutting near the lake, with looks elate,  
To all its nations threats approaching fate.  
And such his strength, the silver lakes around  
Might roll their waters o'er unpeopl'd ground.  
But pow'rful Jove; who shews no less his grace  
To Frogs that perish than to human race,  
Felt soft compassion rising in his soul,  
And shook his sacred head, that shook the pole.  
Then thus to all the gazing pow'rs began  
The Sire of Gods, and Frogs, and Mice, and Man:

What seas of blood I view; what worlds of slain!  
An Iliad rising from a day's campaign;  
How fierce his jav'lin o'er the trembling lakes  
The black fur'd hero Meridarpax shakes!  
Unless some fav'ring Deity descend,  
Soon will the Frogs' loquacious empire end.  
Let dreadful Pallas wing'd with pity fly,  
And make her Ægis blaze before his eye:  
While Mars refulgent on his ratt'ling car,  
Arrests his raging rival of the war.

He ceas'd, reclining with attentive head,  
When thus the glorious God of combats said:  
Nor Pallas, Jove! tho' Pallas take the field,  
With all the terrors of her hissing shield;  
Nor Mars himself, tho' Mars in armour bright  
Ascend his car, and wheel amidst the fight;

Not these can drive the desperate Mouse afar,  
Or change the fortunes of the bleeding war.  
Let all go forth, all Heav'n in arms arise,  
Or launch thy own red thunder from the skies;  
Such ardent bolts as flew that won'drous day,  
When heaps of Titans mix'd with mountains lay;  
When all the giant-race enormous fell,  
And huge Enceladus was hurl'd to hell.

'Twas thus th' armipotent advis'd the Gods,  
When from his throne the Cloud-compeller nods;  
Deep length'ning thunders run from pole to pole,  
Olympus trembles as the thunders roll.  
Then swift he whirls the brandish'd bolt around,  
And headlong darts it at the distant ground;  
The bolt discharg'd inwrapt with light'ning flies,  
And rends its flaming passage thro' the skies:  
Then earth's inhabitants, the nibblers, shake,  
And Frogs, the dwellers in the waters, quake.  
Yet still the Mice advance their dread design,  
And the last danger threatens the croaking line,  
'Till Jove, that inly mourn'd the loss they bore,  
With strange assistants fill'd the frighted shore.

Pour'd from the neighb'ring strand, deform'd  
to view,

They march, a sudden unexpected crew!  
Strong suits of armour round their bodies close,  
Which, like thick anvils, blunt the force of blows;  
In wheeling marches turn'd oblique they go;  
With harpy claws their limbs divide below;  
Fell sheers the passage to their mouth command;  
From out the flesh their bones by nature stand;



Broad spread their backs, their shining shoulders  
rise;

Unnumber'd joints distort their lengthen'd thighs;  
With nervous cords their hands are firmly brac'd;  
Their round black eye-balls in their bosom plac'd;  
On eight long feet the wond'rous warriors tread;  
And either end alike supplies a head.

These, mortal wits to call the Crabs, agree,  
The Gods have other names for things than we.

Now where the jointures from their loins depend,  
The hero's tail with sev'ring grasps they rend.  
Here, short of feet, depriv'd the pow'r to fly,  
There, without hands, upon the field they lye,  
Wrench'd from their holds, and scatter'd all around,  
The bended lances heap the cumber'd ground.  
Helpless amazement, fear pursuing fear,  
And mad confusion thro' their host appear:  
O'er the wild waste with headlong flight they go,  
Or creep conceal'd in vaulted holes below.

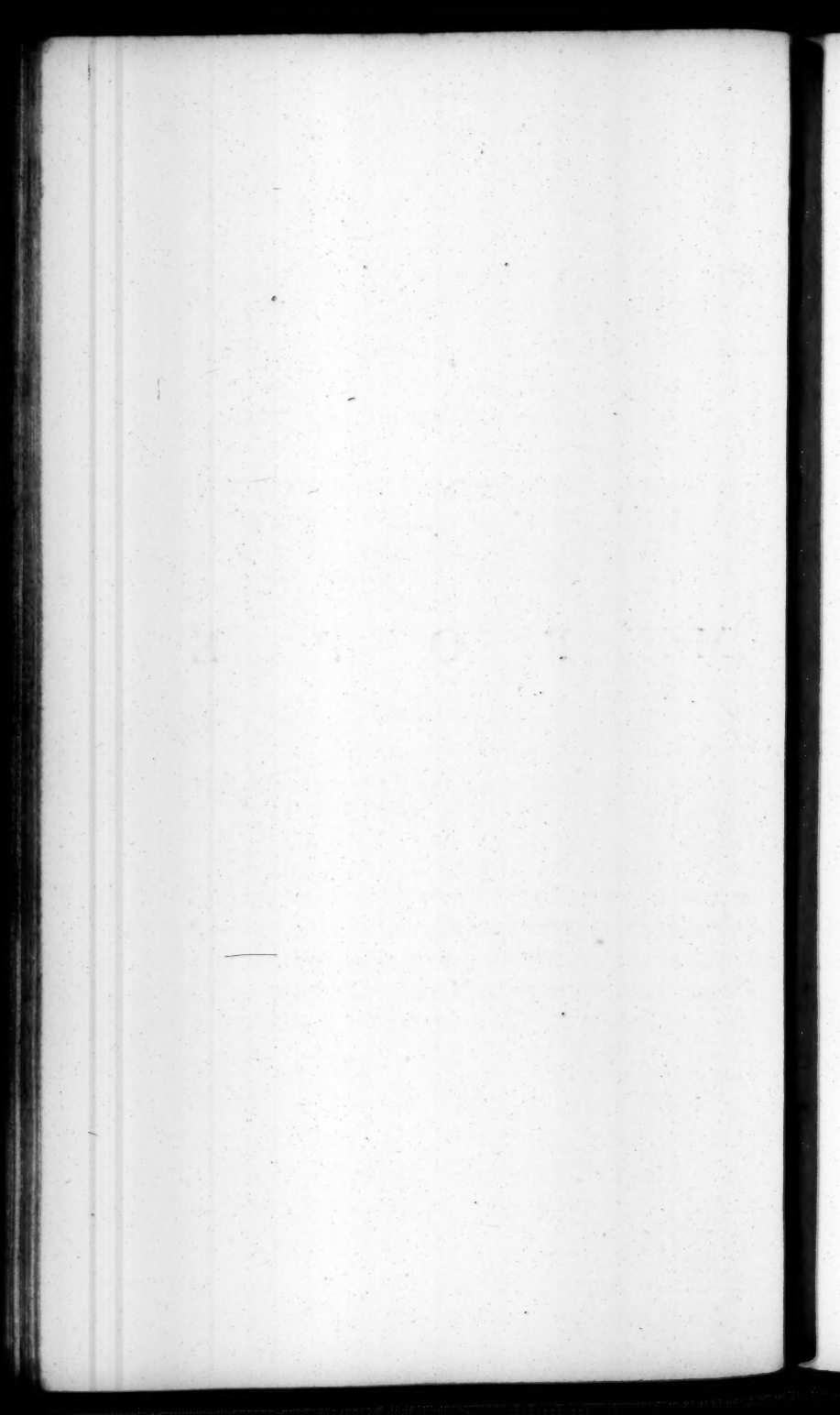
But down Olympus to the western seas  
Far-shooting Phoebus drove with fainter rays;  
And a whole war (so Jove ordain'd) begun,  
Was fought, and ceas'd, in one revolving sun.



TO

Mr. P O P E.

N



T O

Mr. P O P E.

**T**O praise, yet still with due respect to praise,  
A bard triumphant in immortal bays,  
The learn'd to show, the sensible commend,  
Yet still preserve the province of the friend,  
What life, what vigour, must the lines require?  
What music tune them? what affection fire?

O might thy genius in my bosom shine!  
Thou should'st not fail of numbers worthy thine,  
The brightest ancients might at once agree  
To sing within my lays, and sing of thee.  
Horace himself would own thou dost excel  
In candid arts to play the critic well.  
Ovid himself might wish to sing the dame  
Whom Windsor-forest sees a gliding stream,  
On silver feet, with annual osier crown'd,  
She runs for ever thro' poetic ground.

How flame the glories of Belinda's hair,  
Made by thy muse the envy of the Fair;  
Less shone the tresses Ægypt's princess wore,  
Which sweet Callimachus so sung before.

N 2

Here courtly tresses set the world at odds,  
Belles war with Beaux, and whims descend for Gods.  
The new machines in names of ridicule,  
Mock the grave frenzy of the chymic fool.  
But know, ye Fair, a point conceal'd with art,  
The Sylphs and Gnomes are but a woman's heart;  
The Graces stand in fight; a Satyr train  
Peep o'er their heads, and laugh behind the scene.  
In Fame's fair temple, o'er the boldest wits  
Inshrin'd on high the sacred Virgil sits,  
And sits in measures, such as Virgil's muse  
To place thee near him might be fond to chuse.  
How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee,  
Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he,  
While some old Damon, o'er the vulgar wife,  
Thinks he deserves, and thou deserv'st the prize.  
Rapt with the thought, my fancy seeks the plains,  
And turns me shepherd while I hear the strains.  
Indulgent nurse of ev'ry tender gale,  
Parent of flow'rets, old Arcadia hail!  
Here in the cool my limbs at ease I spread,  
Here let thy poplars whisper o'er my head;  
Still slide thy waters soft among the trees,  
Thy aspens quiver in a breathing breeze,  
Smile all thy vallies in eternal Spring,  
Be hush'd, ye winds! while Pope and Virgil sing.  
In English lays, and all sublimely great,  
Thy Homer warms with all his ancient heat,  
He shines in council, thunders in the fight,  
And flames with ev'ry sense of great delight,  
Long has that poet reign'd, and long unknown,  
Like monarchs sparkling on a distant throne;



In all the Majesty of Greek retir'd,  
 Himself unknown, his mighty name admir'd,  
 His language failing, wrap'd him round with night,  
 Thine rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light.  
 So wealthy mines, that ages long before  
 Fed the large realms around with golden oar,  
 When choak'd by sinking banks, no more appear,  
 And shepherds only say, the mines were here :  
 Should some rich youth (if Nature warm his heart  
 And all his projects stand inform'd with art)  
 Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein;  
 The mines detested flame with gold again.

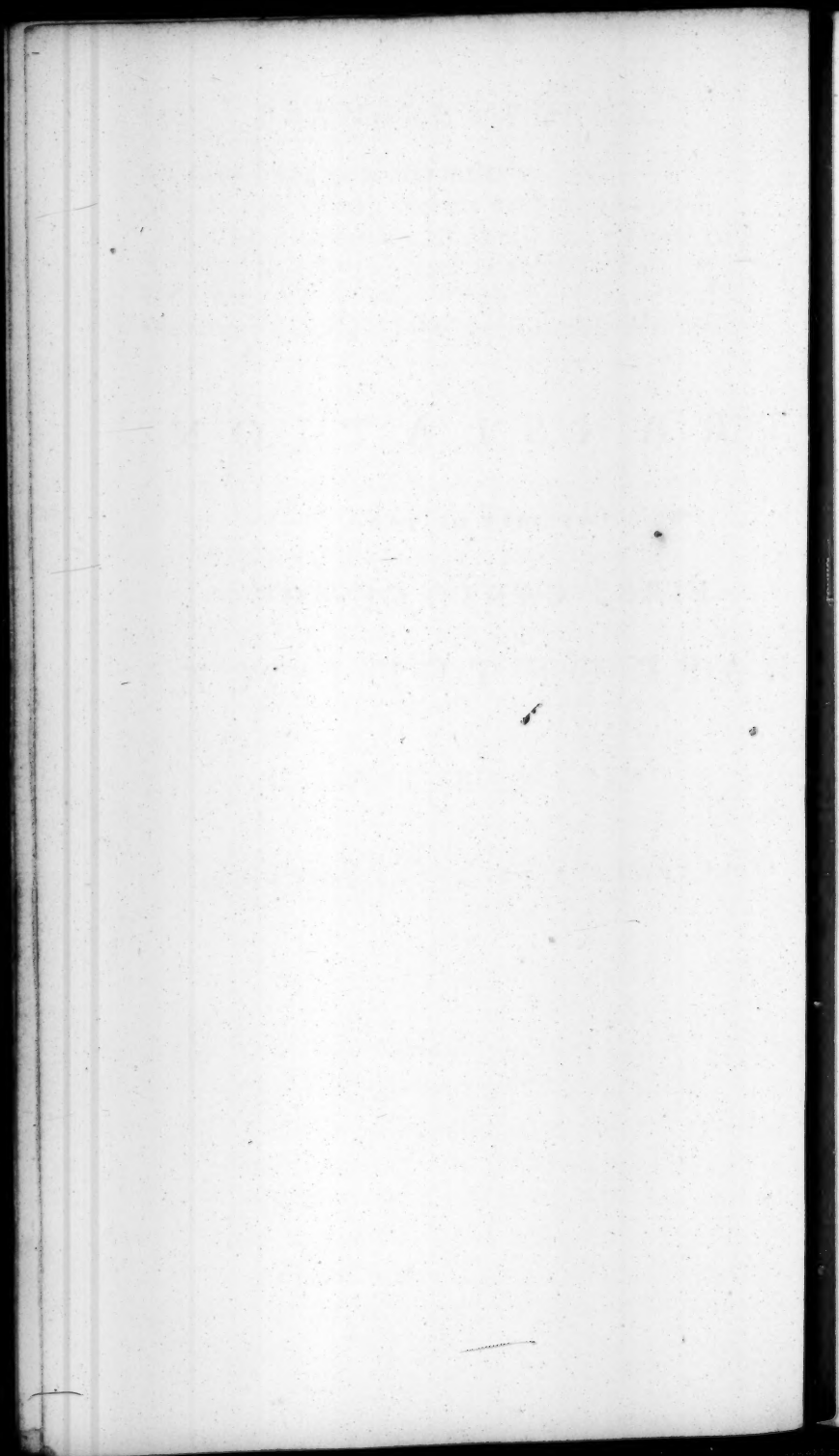
How vast, how copious are thy new designs!  
 How ev'ry music varies in thy lines !  
 Still as I read, I feel my bosom beat,  
 And rise in raptures by another's heat.  
 Thus in the wood, when summer dress'd the days,  
 When Windsor lent us tuneful hours of ease,  
 Our ears the lark, the thrush, the turtle blest,  
 And Philomela sweetest o'er the rest :  
 The shades resound with song—O softly tread !  
 While a whole season warbles round my head.

This to my friend—and when a friend inspires  
 My silent harp its master's hand requires,  
 Shakes off the dust, and makes these rocks resound,  
 For Fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground ;  
 Far from the joys that with my soul agree,  
 From wit, from learning,—far, oh far from thee !  
 Here moss-grown trees expand the smallest leaf ;  
 Here half an acre's corn is half a sheaf,  
 Here hills with naked heads the tempest meet,  
 Rocks at their side, and torrents at their feet,

Or lazy lakes unconscious of a flood,  
Whose dull brown Naiads ever sleep in mud.

Yet here Content can dwell, and learned ease,  
A friend delight me, and an author please,  
Ev'n here I sing, while Pope supplies the theme,  
Show my own love, tho' not increase his fame.

A  
TRANSLATION  
OF PART OF THE  
FIRST CANTO OF THE  
RAPE OF THE LOCK.  
INTO LEONINE VERSE  
AFTER THE MANNER OF THE ANCIENT MONKS.



THE  
HISTORY OF THE  
CITY OF  
NEW YORK

From the first settlement of the Dutch in 1624 to the present time. By John Smith, Esq. of the City of New York. In two volumes. The first volume contains the history from 1624 to 1789. The second volume contains the history from 1789 to the present time. The first volume is divided into three parts. The first part contains the history from 1624 to 1674. The second part contains the history from 1674 to 1724. The third part contains the history from 1724 to 1789. The second volume is divided into two parts. The first part contains the history from 1789 to 1849. The second part contains the history from 1849 to the present time.

TRANSLATION  
OF PART OF THE  
FIRST CANTO OF THE  
RAPE OF THE LOCK,  
INTO LEONINE VERSE,  
After the manner of the ancient Monks.

ET nunc dilectum speculum, pro more reiectum,  
Emicat in mensâ, quæ splendet pyxide densâ:  
Tum primum lymphâ, se purgat candida nympha;  
Jamque sine mendâ, cœlestis imago videnda,  
Nuda caput, bellos retinet, regit, implet, ocellos.  
Hâc stupet explorans, seu cultus numen adorans.  
Inferior claram Pythonissa apparet ad aram,  
Fertque tibi cautè, dicatque superbia! lautè,  
Dona venusta; oris, quæ cunctis, plena laboris,  
Excerpta explorat, dominamque deamque decorat.  
Pyxide devotâ, se pandit hic India tota,  
Et tota ex istâ, transpirat Arabia cista:  
Testudo hic flestit, dum se mea Lesbia pectit;  
Atque elephas lentè, te pectit Lesbia dente;  
Hunc maculis nôris, nivei jacet ille coloris.  
Hic jacet et mundè, mundus muliebris abundè;  
Spinula resplendens æris longo ordine pendens,  
Pulvis suavis odore, et epistola suavis amore.



P A R T  
O F T H E  
F I R S T C A N T O  
O F T H E  
R A P E O F T H E L O C K.

AND now unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd,  
Each silver vase in mystic order laid,  
First, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores  
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic Pow'rs.  
A heav'nly image in the glass appears,  
'To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears:  
'Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,  
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.  
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here  
The various off'rings of the world appear;  
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,  
And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.  
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,  
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.  
The tortoise here and elephant unite,  
Transform'd to combs, the speckled, and the white.  
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,  
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux,

Induit arma ergo, Veneris pulcherrima virgo ;  
Pulchrrior in præsens tempus de tempore crescens ;  
Jam reparat risus, jam surgit gratiâ visûs,  
Jam promit cultu, mirac'la latentia vultu.  
Pigmina jam miscet, quo plus sua purpura gliscet,  
Et geminans bellis splendet magè fulgor ocellis.  
Stant Lemures muti, Nymphæ intentique salutis,  
Hic figit zonam, capiti, locat ille coronam,  
Hæc manicis formam, plicis dat et altera normam ;  
Et tibi vel Betty, tibi vel nitidissima Letty !  
Gloria factorum temerè conceditur horum.

Now awful beauty puts on all its arms,  
 The Fair each moment rises in her charms,  
 Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,  
 And calls forth all the wonders of her face;  
 Sees by degrees a purer bluth arise,  
 And keener light'nings quicken in her eyes.  
 The busy Sylphs surround their darling care;  
 These set the head, and those divide the hair,  
 Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the gown,  
 And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

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H E A L T H.

AN ECLOGUE.

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# H E A L T H.

## AN ECLOGUE.

NOW early shepherds o'er the meadow pass,  
And print long footsteps in the glitt'ring grass;  
The cows neglectful of their pasture stand,  
By turns obsequious to the milker's hand.

When Damon softly trod the shaven lawn,  
Damon a youth from city-cares withdrawn;  
Long was the pleasing walk he wander'd through,  
A cover'd arbour clos'd the distant view;  
There rests the youth, and while the feather'd  
throng

Raise their wild music, thus contrives a song :

Here wasted o'er by mild Etesian air,  
Thou country Goddess, beauteous Health ! repair;  
Here let my breast thro' quiv'ring trees inhale  
Thy rosy blessings with the morning gale.  
What are the fields, or flow'rs, or all I see ?  
Ah ! tasteless all, if not enjoy'd with thee.

Joy to my soul ! I feel the Goddess nigh,  
The face of Nature cheers as well as I ;  
O'er the flat green refreshing breezes run,  
The smiling daizies blow beneath the sun,  
The brooks run purling down with silver waves,  
The planted lanes rejoice with dancing leaves,  
The chirping birds from all the compass rove  
To tempt the tuneful echoes of the grove :

High sunny summits, deeply shaded dales,  
Thick mossy banks, and flow'ry winding vales,  
With various prospect gratify the sight,  
And scatter fix'd attention in delight.

Come, country Goddess, come, nor thou suffice,  
But bring thy mountain-sister, Exercise.  
Call'd by thy lovely voice, she turns her pace,  
Her winding horn proclaims the finish'd chace;  
She mounts the rocks, she skims the level plain,  
Dogs, hawks, and horses, croud her early train.  
Her hardy face repels the tanning wind,  
And lines and melbes loosely float behind.  
All these as means of toil the feeble see,  
But these are helps to pleasure join'd with thee.

Let Sloth lye softning 'till high noon in down,  
Or lolling fan her in the sultry town,  
Unnerv'd with rest; and turn her own disease,  
Or foster others in luxurious ease:  
I mount the courser, call the deep-mouth'd hounds,  
The fox unkennell'd flies to covert grounds;  
I lead where stags through tangled thickets tread,  
And shake the saplings with their branching head;  
I make the falcons wing their airy way,  
And soar to seize, or stooping strike their prey;  
To snare the fish I fix the luring bait;  
To wound the fowl I load the gun with fate.  
'Tis thus thro' change of exercise I range,  
And strength and pleasure rise from ev'ry change.

Here beauteous Health for all the year remain,  
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again:  
Oh come, thou Goddess of my rural song,  
And bring thy daughter, calm Content, along,

Dame of the ruddy cheek and laughing eye,  
From whose bright presence clouds of sorrow fly :  
For her I mow my walks, I plat my bow rs,  
Clip my low hedges, and support my flow'rs ;  
To welcome her, this summer-feat I drest,  
And here I court her when she comes to rest ;  
When she from exercise to learned ease,  
Shall change again, and teach the change to please.

Now friends conversing my soft hours refine,  
And Tully's Tusculum revives in mine :  
Now to grave books I bid the mind retreat,  
And such as make me rather good than great.  
Or o'er the works of easy fancy rove,  
Where flutes and innocence amuse the grove :  
The native Bard that on Sicilian plains  
First sung the lowly manners of the swains ;  
Or Maro's muse that in the fairest light  
Paints rural prospects and the charms of sight ;  
These soft amusements bring Content along,  
And fancy, void of sorrow, turns to song.

Here beauteous Health for all the year remain,  
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus  
again.



THE  
F L I E S.

AN ECLOGUE.

THE

2.

E

I

L

E

ANALOGUE



T H E

F L I E S.

A N E C L O G U E.

W H E N in the river cows for coolness stand,  
And sheep for breezes seek the lofty land,  
A youth, whom Æsop taught that ev'ry tree,  
Each bird, and insect spoke as well as he;  
Walk'd calmly musing in a shady way,  
Where flow'ring hawthorns broke the sunny ray,  
And thus instructs his moral pen to draw,  
A scene that obvious in the field he saw.

Near a low ditch, where shallow waters meet,  
Which never learnt to glide with liquid feet;  
Whose Naiads never prattle as they play,  
But screen'd with hedges slumber out the day,  
There stands a slender fern's aspiring shade,  
Whose answ'ring branches regularly laid,  
Put forth their answ'ring boughs, and proudly rise  
Three stories upward, in the nether skies.

For shelter here, to shun the noon-day heat,  
An airy nation of the flies retreat;  
Some in soft airs their filken pinions ply,  
And some from bough to bough delighted fly,

Some rise, and circling light to perch again;  
 A pleasing murmur hums along the plain.  
 So, when a stage invites to pageant shows,  
 (If great and small are like) appear the beaux;  
 In boxes some with spruce pretension sit,  
 Some change from seat to seat within the pit,  
 Some roam the scenes, or turning cease to roam;  
 Preluding music fills the lofty dome,

When thus a Flie (if what a Flie can say  
 Deserves attention) rais'd the rural lay:

Where late Amintor made a nymph a bride,  
 Joyful I flew by young Favonia's side,  
 Who mindless of the feasting, went to sip  
 The balmy pleasure of the shepherd's lip.  
 I saw the Wanton, where I stoop'd to sup,  
 And half resolv'd to drown me in a cup;  
 'Till brush'd by careless hands, she soar'd above:  
 Cease, Beauty, cease to vex a tender love.

Thus ends the youth, the buzzing meadow rung,  
 And thus the rival of his music sung:

When suns by thousands shone in orbs of dew,  
 I wafted soft with Zephyretta flew;  
 Saw the clean pail, and sought the milky chear,  
 While little Daphne seiz'd my roving Dear.  
 Wretch that I was! I might have warn'd the dame,  
 Yet sat indulging as the danger came:  
 But the kind huntress left her free to soar;  
 Ah! guard, ye lovers, guard a mistress more.

Thus from the fern, whose high-projecting arms,  
 The fleeting nation bent with dusky swarms,  
 The swains their love in easy music breathe,  
 When tongues and tumult stun the field beneath.

Black ants in teams come dark'ning all the road,  
 Some call to march, and some to lift the load;  
 They strain, they labour with incessant pains,  
 Press'd by the cumb'rous weight of single grains.  
 The flies struck silent, gaze with wonder down:  
 The busy burghers reach their earthly town;  
 Where lay the burthens of a wint'ry store,  
 And thence unwearied part in search of more.  
 Yet one grave sage a moment's space attends,  
 And the small city's loftiest point ascends,  
 Wipes the salt dew that trickles down his face,  
 And thus harangues them with the gravest grace:

Ye foolish nurslings of the Summer air,  
 These gentle tunes and whining songs forbear:  
 Your trees and whisp'ring breeze, your grove  
 and love,

Your Cupid's quiver, and his Mother's dove;  
 Let bards to business bend their vig'rous wing,  
 And sing but seldom, if they love to sing:  
 Else, when the flow'rets of the season fail,  
 And this your ferny shade forsakes the vale,  
 Tho' one would save ye, not one grain of wheat  
 Should pay such songsters idling at my gate.

He ceas'd: the Flies incorrigibly vain,  
 Heard the Mayor's speech, and fell to sing again.



AN  
E L E G Y,  
TO AN  
O L D B E A U T Y.





E L E G Y,

T O A N

O L D B E A U T Y.

I N vain, poor nymph, to please our youthful sight  
You sleep in cream and frontlets all the night,  
Your face with patches soil, with paint repair,  
Dress with gay gowns, and shade with foreign hair,  
If truth in spight of manners must be told,  
Why really fifty-five is something old.

Once you were young; or one, whose life's so  
long

She might have born my mother, tells me wrong,  
And once, since envy's dead before you die,  
The women own, you play'd a sparkling eye,  
Taught the light foot a modish little trip  
And pouted with the prettiest purple lip.—

To some new charmer are the roses fled,  
Which blew to damask all thy cheek with red;  
Youth calls the graces there to fix their reign,  
And airs by thousands fill their easy train.

So parting Summer bids her flow'ry prime  
Attend the sun to dress some foreign clime,  
While with'ring seasons in succession, here,  
Strip the gay gardens, and deform the year.

But thou, since Nature bids, the world resign,  
'Tis now thy daughter's daughter's time to shine,  
With more address, or such as pleases more,  
She runs her female exercises o'er,  
Unfurls or closes, raps or turns the fan,  
And smiles, or blushes at the creature Man.  
With quicker life, as gilded coaches pass,  
In sideling courtesy she drops the glass.  
With better strength, on visit days she bears  
To mount her fifty flights of ample stairs.  
Her mien, her shape, her temper, eyes and tongue  
Are sure to conquer—for the rogue is young:  
And all that's madly wild, or oddly gay,  
We call it only pretty Fanny's way.

Let Time, that makes you homely, make you sage,  
The sphere of wisdom is the sphere of age.  
'Tis true, when beauty dawns with early fire,  
And hears the flatt'ring tongues of soft desire,  
If not from virtue, from its gravest ways  
The soul with pleasing avocation strays.  
But beauty gone, 'tis easier to be wise;  
As harpers better by the loss of eyes.

Henceforth retire, reduce your roving airs,  
Haunt less the plays, and more the public pray'rs;  
Reject the Mechlin head, and gold brocade,  
Go pray, in sober Norwich-crape array'd,  
Thy pendant diamonds let thy Fanny take,  
(Their trembling lustre shows how much you shake)

Or bid her wear thy necklace row'd with pearl,  
 You'll find your Fanny an obedient girl.  
 So for the rest, with less incumbrance hung,  
 You walk thro' life, unmingled with the young,  
 And view the shade and substance as you pass  
 With joint endeavour trifling at the glass,  
 Or Folly drest, and rambling all her days,  
 To meet her counterpart, and grow by praise :  
 Yet still sedate yourself, and gravely plain,  
 You neither fret, nor envy at the vain.  
 'Twas thus, if man with woman we compare,  
 The wise Athenian cross'd a glitt'ring Fair,  
 Unmov'd by tongue and sights, he walk'd the place,  
 Thro' tape, toys, tinsel, gimp, perfume and lace ;  
 Then bends from Mars's hill his awful eyes,  
 And *What a World I never want ?* he cries :  
 But cries unheard : for folly will be free.  
 So parts the buzzing gaudy crowd and he :  
 As careless he for them, as they for him :  
 He wrapt in wisdom, and they whirl'd by whim.

On his bed went the patient, low and pale,  
 You'll find that I may in obedience wait,  
 To the will of the Lord, his incarnate Son,  
 I am weak, but I am unmingled with the young,  
 And view the light of life in your eyes,  
 With joy and love, and with a heart that's true,  
 The Father's will, and I am willing all to do,  
 To see his kingdom, and grow by prayer;  
 For all that's in the world, and every place,  
 I am weaker than you, and I am true,  
 I will this, I will that, and I will more,  
 The will of the Father, and I will more,  
 I am weak, but I am unmingled with the young,  
 And view the light of life in your eyes,  
 With joy and love, and with a heart that's true,  
 The Father's will, and I am willing all to do,  
 To see his kingdom, and grow by prayer;  
 For all that's in the world, and every place,  
 I am weaker than you, and I am true,  
 I will this, I will that, and I will more,  
 The will of the Father, and I will more,

THE  
BOOK-WORM.

R





T H E  
B O O K - W O R M.

C O M E hither, boy, we'll hunt to-day  
The Book-Worm, ravening beast of prey,  
Produc'd by parent Earth, at odds,  
As Fame reports it, with the Gods.  
Him frantic hunger wildly drives  
Against a thousand authors' lives :  
Thro' all the fields of wit he flies ;  
Dreadful his head with clust'ring eyes,  
With horns without and tusks within,  
And scales to serve him for a skin.  
Observe him nearly, lest he climb  
To wound the Bards of ancient time,  
Or down the vale of Fancy go  
To tear some modern wretch below.  
On ev'ry corner fix thine eye,  
Or ten to one he slips thee by.

See where his teeth a passage eat :  
We'll rouse him from the deep retreat.  
But who the shelter's forc'd to give ?  
'Tis sacred Virgil, as I live !  
From leaf to leaf, from song to song,  
He draws the tadpole form along,

He mounts the gilded edge before,  
He's up, he scuds the cover o'er,  
He turns, he doubles, there he past,  
And here we have him, caught at last.

Insatiate brute, whose teeth abuse  
The sweetest servants of the Muse.

(Nay never offer to deny,  
I took thee in the fact to fly.)

His roses nipt in ev'ry page,  
My poor Anacreon mourns thy rage,  
By thee my Ovid wounded lies;  
By thee my Lesbia's sparrow dies:  
Thy rabid teeth have half destroy'd  
The work of love in Biddy Floy'd,  
They rent Belinda's locks away,  
And spoil'd the Blouzelind of Gay.  
For all, for ev'ry single deed,  
Relentless justice bids thee bleed.

Then fall a victim to the Nine,  
Myself the priest, my desk the shrine.

Bring Homer, Virgil, Tasso near,  
'To pile a sacred altar here;  
Hold, boy, thy hand out-runs thy wit,  
You reach'd the plays that Dennis writ;  
You reach'd me Philip's rustic strain;  
Pray take your mortal Bards again.

Come, bind the victim,——there he lyes,  
And here between his num'rous eyes  
'This venerable dust I lay,  
From manuscripts just swept away.

The goblet in my hand I take,  
(For the libations yet to make)

A health to poets ! all their days  
 May they have bread, as well as praise ;  
 Sense may they seek, and less engage  
 In papers fill'd with party-rage.  
 But if their riches spoil their vein,  
 Ye Muses, make them poor again.

Now bring the weapon, yonder blade,  
 With which my tuneful pens are made.  
 I strike the scales that arm thee round,  
 And twice and thrice I print the wound ;  
 The sacred altar floats with red,  
 And now he dies, and now he's dead.

How like the son of Jove I stand,  
 This Hydra stretch'd beneath my hand !  
 Lay bare the monster's entrails here,  
 To see what dangers threat the year :  
 Ye Gods ! what sonnets on a wench ?  
 What lean translations out of French ?  
 'Tis plain, this lobe is so unsound,  
 S — prints, before the months go round.

But hold, before I close the scene,  
 The sacred altar should be clean.  
 Oh had I Shadwell's second bays,  
 Or, Tate ! thy pert and humble lays !  
 (Ye pair, forgive me, when I vow  
 I never miss'd your works till now)  
 I'd tear the leaves to wipe the shrine,  
 (That only way you please the Nine)  
 But since I chance to want these two,  
 I'll make the songs of Dursley do.

Rent from the corpse, on yonder pin,  
 I hang the scales that brac'd it in ;

I hang my studious morning gown,  
And write my own inscription down.

- " This trophy from the Pithon won,
- " This robe, in which the deed was done,
- " These, Parnell, glorying in the feat,
- " Hung on the shelves, the Muse's seat.
- " Here ignorance and hunger found
- " Large realms of wit to ravage round :
- " Here ignorance and hunger fell :
- " Two foes in one I sent to hell.
- " Ye poets, who my labours see,
- " Come share the triumph all with me !
- " Ye critics ! born to vex the Muse,
- " Go mourn the grand ally you lose."

A N  
A L L E G O R Y  
O N  
M A N.

W. A.

A. L. E. O. H. A.

W. A.

W. A. M.



A N  
A L L E G O R Y  
O N  
M A N.

A Thoughtful Being, long and spare,  
Our race of mortals call him Care:  
(Were Homer living, well he knew  
What name the Gods have call'd him too)  
With fine mechanic genius wrought,  
And lov'd to work, tho' no one bought,  
This being by a model bred  
In Jove's eternal fable head.  
Contriv'd a shape impow'r'd to breathe,  
And be the worldling here beneath.

The Man rose staring, like a stake;  
Wond'ring to see himself awake!  
Then look'd so wise, before he knew  
The bus'ness he was made to do;  
That pleas'd to see with what a grace  
He gravely shew'd his forward face,  
Jove talk'd of breeding him on high,  
An Under-something of the sky.

But ere he gave the mighty nod,  
Which ever binds a Poet's God:

S

(For which his curls ambrosial shake,  
And mother Earth's oblig'd to quake :)  
He saw old mother Earth arise,  
She stood confess'd before his eyes ;  
But not with what we read she wore,  
A castle for a crown before,  
Nor with long streets and longer roads  
Dangling behind her, like commodores :  
As yet with wreathes alone she dress'd !  
And trail'd a landscape-painted vest.  
Then thrice she rais'd, as Ovid said,  
And thrice she bow'd her weighty head.

Her honours made, great Jove, she cry'd,  
This thing was fashion'd from my side ;  
His hands, his heart, his head are mine ;  
Then what hast thou to call him thine ?

Nay rather ask, the Monarch said,  
What boots his hand, his heart, his head,  
Were what I gave remov'd away ?  
Thy part's an idle shape of clay.

Halves, more than halves ! cry'd honest Care,  
Your pleas would make your titles fair,  
You claim the body, you the soul,  
But I who join'd them, claim the whole.

Thus with the Gods debate began,  
On such a trivial cause, as Man.  
And can celestial tempers rage ?  
Quoth Virgil, in a later age.

As thus they wrangled, Time came by ;  
(There's none that paint him such as I,  
For what the fabling Antients sung  
Makes Saturn old, when Time was young.)

As yet his winters had not shed  
Their silver honours on his head ;  
He just had got his pinions free,  
From his old fire Eternity.  
A serpent girdled round he wore,  
The tail within the mouth, before ;  
By which our almanacks are clear  
That learned Ægypt meant the year.  
A staff he carry'd, where on high  
A glass was fix'd to measure by,  
As amber boxes made a show  
For heads of canes an age ago.  
His vest, for day, and night, was py'd ;  
A bending sickle arm'd his side ;  
And Spring's new months his train adorn !  
The other Seasons were unborn.

Known by the Gods, as near he draws,  
They make him umpire of the cause.  
O'er a low trunk his arm he laid,  
Where since his hours a dial made ;  
Then leaning heard the nice debate,  
And thus pronounc'd the words of Fate :

Since body from the parent Earth,  
And soul from Jove receiv'd a birth,  
Return they where they first began ;  
But since their union makes the Man,  
'Till Jove and Earth shall part these two,  
To Care who join'd them, Man is due.

He said, and sprung with swift career  
To trace a circle for the year ;  
Where ever since the Seasons wheel,  
And tread on one another's heel.

'Tis well, said Jove, and for consent  
Thund'ring he shook the firmament.  
Our Umpire Time shall have his way,  
With Care I let the creature stay :  
Let bus'ness vex him, av'rice blind,  
Let doubt and knowledge rack his mind,  
Let error act, opinion speak,  
And want afflict, and sickness break,  
And anger burn, dejection chill,  
And joy distract, and sorrow kill.  
'Till arm'd by Care, and taught to mow,  
Time draws the long destructive blow ;  
And wasted Man, whose quick decay  
Comes hurrying on before his day,  
Shall only find by this decree,  
The soul flies sooner back to me.

A N  
I M I T A T I O N  
O F S O M E  
F R E N C H V E R S E S.

1017

1017



A N  
I M I T A T I O N  
O F S O M E  
F R E N C H V E R S E S.

RELENTLESS Time! destroying Pow'r,  
Whom stone and brass obey,  
Who giv'st to ev'ry flying hour  
To work some new decay;

Unheard, unheeded, and unseen,  
Thy secret taps prevail,  
And ruin man, a nice machine,  
By nature form'd to fail.

My change arrives; the change I meet,  
Before I thought it nigh.  
My spring, my years of pleasure fleet,  
And all their beauties die.

In age I search, and only find  
A poor unfruitful gain,  
Grave wisdom stalking slow behind,  
Oppress'd with loads of pain.

My ignorance could once beguile,  
And fancy'd joys inspire;  
My errors cherish'd Hope to smile  
On newly-born desire.

But now experience shews, the bliss  
For which I fondly fought  
Not worth the long impatient wish,  
And ardour of the thought.

My youth met Fortune fair array'd,  
In all her pomp she shone,  
And might, perhaps, have well essay'd,  
To make her gifts my own:

But when I saw the blessing show'r  
On some unworthy mind,  
I left the chace, and own'd the Pow'r  
Was justly painted blind.

I pass'd the glories which adorn  
The splendid courts of kings,  
And while the persons mov'd my scorn,  
I rose to scorn the things.

My manhood felt a vig'rous fire  
By love increas'd the more;  
But years with coming years conspire  
To break the chains I wore.

In weakness safe, the sex I see  
With idle lustre shine;  
For what are all their joys to me,  
Which cannot now be mine?

But hold—I feel my gout decrease,  
 My troubles laid to rest,  
 And truths which would disturb my peace  
 Are painful truths at best.

Vainly the time I have to roll  
 In sad reflection flies;  
 Ye fondling passions of my soul!  
 Ye sweet deceits! arise.

I wisely change the scene within,  
 To things that us'd to please;  
 In pain, philosophy is spleen,  
 In health, 'tis only ease.

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A

N I G H T - P I E C E

O N

D E A T H.

T<sub>2</sub>





A  
N I G H T - P I E C E  
O N  
D E A T H.

**B**Y the blue taper's trembling light,  
No more I waste the wakeful night,  
Intent with endless view to pore  
The schoolmen and the sages o'er:  
Their books from wisdom widely stray,  
Or point at best the longest way.  
I'll seek a readier path, and go  
Where wisdom's surely taught below.  
How deep yon azure dyes the sky!  
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd ly,  
While thro' their ranks in silver pride  
The nether crescent seems to glide.  
The slumb'ring breeze forgets to breathe,  
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,  
Where once again the spangled shew  
Descends to meet our eyes below.  
The grounds which on the right aspire,  
In dimness from the view retire:  
The left presents a place of graves,  
Whose wall the silent water laves.

That steeple guides thy doubtful fight  
Among the livid gleams of night.  
There pass with melancholy state,  
By all the solemn heaps of Fate,  
And think, as softly-sad you tread  
Above the venerable dead,

"Time was, like thee thy life possessest,  
"And time shall be, that thou shalt rest,"

Those with bending osier bound,  
That nameless heave the crumbled ground,  
Quick to the glancing thought disclose;  
Where toil and poverty repose.

The flat smooth stones that bear a name;  
The chisel's slender help to fame,  
(Which ere our set of friends decay  
Their frequent steps may wear away;)  
A middle race of mortals own,  
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that rise on high;  
Whose dead in vaulted arches lye,  
Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,  
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,  
These, all the poor remains of state,  
Adorn the rich, or praise the great;  
Who while on earth in fame they live,  
Are senseless of the fame they give.

Ha! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,  
The bursting earth unveils the shades!  
All slow, and wan, and wrap'd with shrouds,  
They rise in visionary crouds,  
And all with sober accent cry,  
"Think, mortal, what it is to die."

Now from yon black and fun'ral yew,  
That bathes the charnal house with dew,  
Methinks, I hear a voice begin;  
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,  
Ye tolling clocks, no time resound  
O'er the long lake and midnight ground)  
It sends a peal of hollow groans,  
Thus speaking from among the bones:

When men my scythe and darts supply,  
How great a King of fears am I?  
They view me like the last of things;  
They make, and then they draw my strings,  
Fools! if you less provok'd your fears,  
No more my spectre-form appears.  
Death's but a path that must be trod,  
If man wou'd ever pass to God:  
A port of calms, a state to ease  
From the rough rage of swelling seas.

Why then thy flowing sable stoles,  
Deep pendant cypress, mourning poles,  
Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,  
Long palls, drawn hearfes, cover'd steeds,  
And plumes of black, that as they tread,  
Nod o'er the 'scutcheons of the dead?

Nor can the parted body know,  
Nor wants the soul these forms of wo;  
As men who long in prison dwell,  
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,  
Whene'er their suff'ring years are run,  
Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring sun:  
Such joy, tho' far transcending sense,  
Have pious souls at parting hence.

On earth, and in the body plac'd,  
A few, and evil years, they waste;  
But when their chains are cast aside,  
See the glad scene unfolding wide,  
Clap the glad wing, and tow'r away,  
And mingle with the blaze of day.

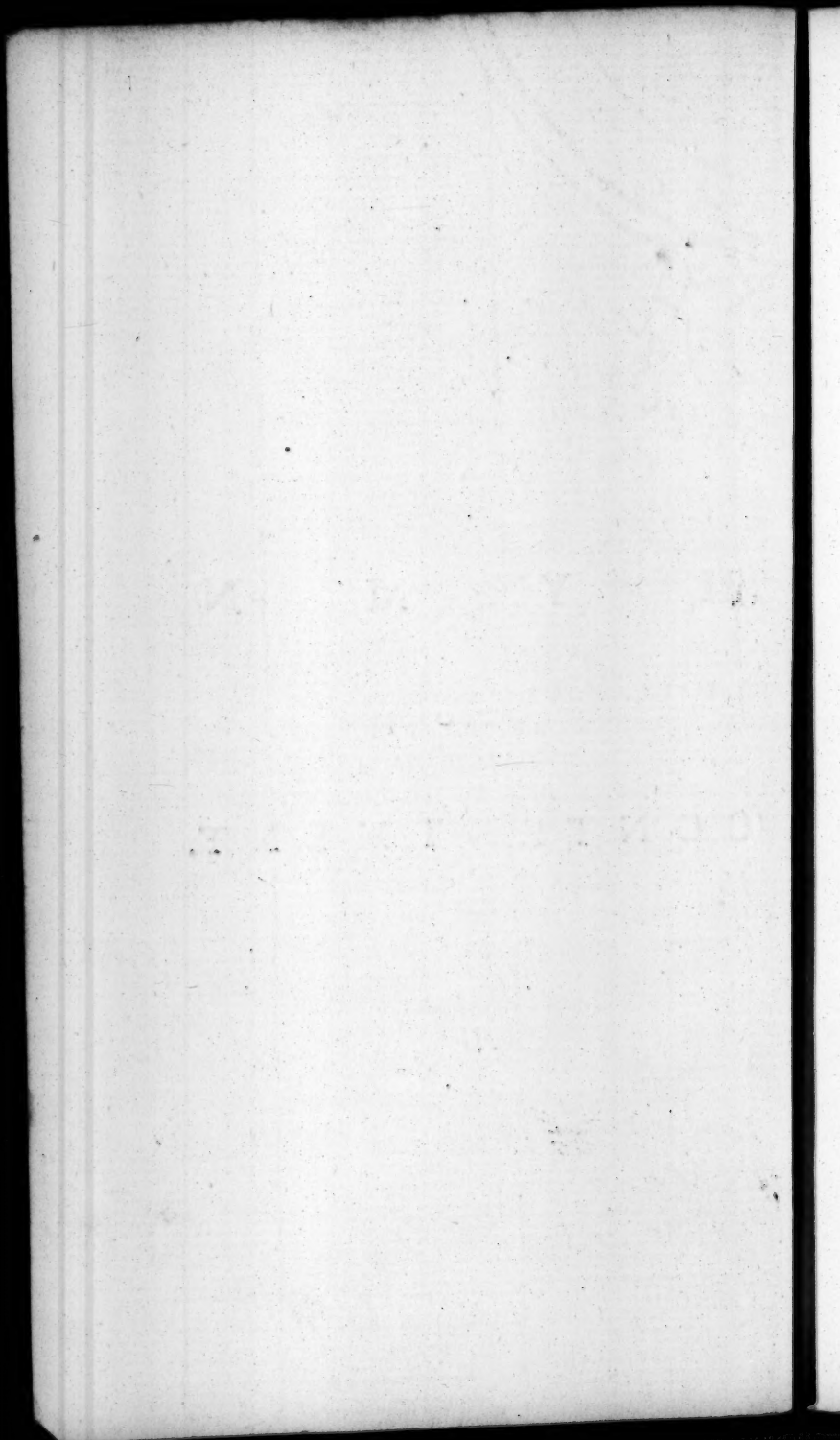
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C O N T E N T M E N T.

LOVELY, lasting peace of mind !  
Sweet delight of human kind !  
Heav'nly born, and bred on high,  
To crown the fav'rites of the sky  
With more of happiness below,  
Than victors in a triumph know !  
Whither, O whither art thou fled,  
To lay thy meek contented head ?  
What happy region dost thou please  
To make the seat of calms and ease ?  
Ambition searches all its sphere  
Of pomp and state, to meet thee there.  
Increasing Avarice would find  
Thy presence in its gold inshrin'd.  
The bold advent'rer ploughs his way  
Thro' rocks amidst the foaming sea,

U 2

To gain thy love ; and then perceives  
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.  
The silent heart which grief assails,  
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,  
Sees daisies open, rivers run,  
And seeks, (as I have vainly done,)  
Amusing thought ; but learns to know  
That Solitude's the nurse of wo.  
No real happiness is found  
In trailing purple o'er the ground :  
Or in a soul exalted high,  
To range the circuit of the sky,  
Converse with stars above, and know  
All nature in its forms below ;  
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,  
And doubts at last for knowledge rise.

Lovely, lasting Peace appear !  
This world itself, if thou art here,  
Is once again with Eden blest,  
And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,  
I sung my wishes to the wood,  
And lost in thought, no more perceiv'd  
The branches whisper as they wav'd :  
It seem'd, as all the quiet place  
Confess'd the presence of his Grace.  
When thus she spoke—Go rule thy will,  
Bid thy wild passions all be still,  
Know God—and bring thy heart to know  
The joys which from religion flow :  
Then ev'ry grace shall prove its guest,  
And I'll be there to crown the rest.

Oh! by yonder mossy seat,  
In my hours of sweet retreat;  
Might I thus my soul employ,  
With sense of gratitude and joy :  
Rais'd as ancient prophets were,  
In heav'nly vision, praise, and pray'r ;  
Pleasing all men, hurting none,  
Pleas'd and blest'd with God alone :  
Then while the gardens take my sight,  
With all the colours of delight ;  
While silver waters glide along,  
To please my ear, and court my song :  
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,  
And thee, great Source of Nature, sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,  
To light the world, and give the day ;  
The moon that shines with borrow'd light ;  
The stars that gild the gloomy night ;  
The seas that roll unnumber'd waves ;  
The wood that spreads its shady leaves ;  
The field whose ears conceal the grain,  
The yellow treasure of the plain ;  
All of these, and all I see,  
Shou'd be sung, and sung by me :  
They speak their Maker as they can,  
But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go search among your idle dreams,  
Your busy or your vain extremes ;  
And find a life of equal bliss,  
Or own the next begun in this.



T H E

H E R M I T.

THE

ST. MARY'S



T H E  
H E R M I T.

**F**A R in a wild, unknown to public view,  
From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew;  
'The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,  
His food the fruits, his drink the chrystal well:  
Remote from men, with God he pass'd the days,  
Pray'r all his bus'ness, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,  
Seem'd Heav'n itself, 'till one suggestion rose;  
That Vice should triumph, Virtue Vice obey,  
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:  
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,  
And all the tenour of his soul is lost:  
So when a smooth expanse receives impress  
Calm Nature's image on its wat'ry breast,  
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,  
And skies beneath with answer'ing colours glow:  
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,  
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,  
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,  
Banks, trees and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,  
To find if books, or swains, report it right,  
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,  
Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)  
He quits his cell; the Pilgrim-staff he bore,  
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;  
Then with the sun a rising journey went,  
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,  
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;  
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,  
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way!  
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,  
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.  
Then near approaching, Father, hail! he cry'd,  
And hail, my Son, the rev'rend Sire reply'd;  
Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,  
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;  
'Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,  
While in their age they differ, join in heart.  
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,  
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day  
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey;  
Nature in silence bid the world repose;  
When near the road a stately palace rose:  
There by the moon thro' ranks of trees they pass,  
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.  
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome,  
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home:  
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,  
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.  
The pair arrive; the liv'ry'd servants wait;  
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.  
The table groans with costly piles of food,  
And all is more than hospitably good.  
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,  
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,  
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play:

Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,  
 And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep.  
 Up rise the guests, obedient to the call:  
 And early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;  
 Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,  
 Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.  
 Then pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;  
 And, but the landlord, none had cause of wo;  
 His cup was vanish'd; for in secret guise  
 The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,  
 Glitt'ning and basking in the summer ray,  
 Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,  
 Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;  
 So seem'd the Sire; when far upon the road,  
 The shining spoil his wiley partner shew'd.  
 He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart.  
 And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part:  
 Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,  
 That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,  
 The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;  
 A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,  
 And beasts to covert scud across the plain.  
 Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat,  
 To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat.  
 'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,  
 And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;  
 It's owner's temper tim'rous and severe,  
 Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,  
 Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;

The nimble light'ning mix'd with show'rs began,  
 And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.  
 Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,  
 Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.  
 At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,  
 ('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest)  
 Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,  
 And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair;  
 One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,  
 And Nature's fervour thro' their limbs recalls:  
 Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,  
 (Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine;  
 And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,  
 A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring Hermit view'd,  
 In one so rich a life so poor and rude;  
 And why should such, within himself he cry'd,  
 Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?  
 But what new marks of wonder soon took place,  
 In ev'ry settling feature of his face;  
 When from his vest the young companion bore  
 That cup, the gen'rous landlord own'd before,  
 And paid profusely with the precious bowl  
 The stinted kindness of this churlish soul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;  
 The sun emerging opes an azure sky;  
 A fresher green the smelling leaves display,  
 And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day:  
 The weather courts them from the poor retreat,  
 And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's bosom  
 wrought  
 With all the travel of uncertain thought;

His partner's acts without their cause appear,  
 'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here :  
 Detesting that, and pitying this he goes,  
 Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,  
 Again the wand'ers want a place to ly.  
 Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.  
 The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,  
 And neither poorly low, nor idly great :  
 It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,  
 Content, and not to praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,  
 Then bless the mansion, and the master greet ;  
 Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,  
 The courteous master hears, and thus replies :

Without a vain, without a grudging heart,  
 To him who gives us all I yield a part ;  
 From him you come, for him accept it here,  
 A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.  
 He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,  
 Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,  
 When the grave household round his hall repair,  
 Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.

At length the world renew'd by calm repose  
 Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose ;  
 Before the pilgrim's part, the younger crept  
 Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,  
 And writh'd his neck : the Landlord's little pride,  
 O strange return ! grew black, and gasp'd and dy'd.  
 Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son !  
 How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done ;  
 Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,  
 And breathe blue fire, cou'd more assault his heart.



Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,  
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.  
His steps the youth pursues; the country lay  
Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way :  
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er  
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;  
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd,  
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.  
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,  
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;  
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,  
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,  
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries :  
Detested wretch——But scarce his speech began,  
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man :  
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;  
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;  
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;  
Celestial odours breathe thro' purpled air;  
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,  
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display..  
The form ethereal burst upon his sight,  
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Tho' loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,  
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;  
Surprize in secret chains his words suspends,  
And in a calm his settling temper ends.  
But silence here the beauteous angel broke,  
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke:)

Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,  
In sweet memorial rise before the throne :



These charms, success in our bright region find,  
And force an angel down to calm thy mind;  
For this, commission'd, I forsook the sky,  
Nay, cease to kneel — thy fellow-servant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,  
And let these scruples be no longer thine:

The Maker justly claims that world he made,  
In this the right of providence is laid;  
Its sacred majesty thro' all depends  
On using second means to work his ends:  
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,  
The Pow'r exerts his attributes on high,  
Your actions uses, nor controuls your will,  
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

What strange events can strike with more surprise,

Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes?  
Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,  
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!

The great, vain man, who far'd on costly food,  
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;  
Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,  
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,  
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,  
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door,  
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor;  
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind  
That Heav'n can bless, if mortals will be kind.  
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,  
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.

Thus artists melt the fullen oar of lead,  
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;  
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,  
And loose from dross, the silver runs below.

Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,  
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;  
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,  
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.  
To what excesses had his dotage run?

But God, to save the father, took the son.  
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,  
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow)  
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,  
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,  
Had that false servant sped in safety back;  
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,  
And what a fund of charity would fail!  
Thus heav'n instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,  
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,  
The sage stood wond'ring as the Seraph flew.  
Thus look'd Elisha when to mount on high,  
His master took the chariot of the sky;  
The fiery pomp ascending left to view;  
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending hermit here a pray'r begun,  
*Lord! as in Heav'n, on earth thy will be done.*  
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,  
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

P I E T Y:

O R, T H E

V I S I O N.

Y

Y T A I 9

ENTRE

N O I S I V

P I E T Y;

O R, T H E

V I S I O N\*.

'T WAS when the night in silent sable fled,  
When chearful morning sprung with rising red,  
When dreams and vapours leave to croud the brain,  
And best the vision draws its heav'nly scene;  
'Twas then, as slumb'ring on my couch I lay,  
A sudden splendor seem'd to kindle day,  
A breeze came breathing in a sweet perfume,  
Blown from eternal gardens, fill'd the room;  
And in a void of blue, that clouds invest,  
Appear'd a daughter of the realms of rest;  
Her head a ring of golden glory wore,  
Her honour'd hand the sacred volume bore,  
Her raiment glitt'ring seem'd a silver white,  
And all her sweet companions sons of light.

Straight as I gaz'd, my fear and wonder grew,  
Fear barr'd my voice, and wonder fix'd my view;

\* This, and the following Poem, are not in the octavo editions of Doctor Parnell's poems published by Mr Pope. They were first communicated to the public by the late ingenious Mr James Arbuckle, and published in his *Hibernicusses's Letters*, No. 62.

When lo ! a cherub of the shining croud  
That fail'd as guardian in her azure cloud,  
Fann'd the soft air, and downwards seem'd to glide,  
And to my lips a living coal apply'd.  
Then while the warmth o'er all my pulses ran  
Diffusing comfort, thus the maid began :

“ Where glorious mansions are prepar'd above,  
“ The seats of music, and the seats of love,  
“ Thence I descend, and PIETY my name,  
“ To warm thy bosom with celestial flame,  
“ To teach thee praises mix'd with humble pray'rs,  
“ And tune thy soul to sing seraphic airs.  
“ Be thou my Bard.” A vial here she caught,  
(An Angel's hand the chrystal vial brought)  
And as with awful sound the word was said,  
She pour'd a sacred unction on my head ;  
Then thus proceeded : “ Be thy muse thy zeal,  
“ Dare to be good, and all my joys reveal.  
“ While other pencils flatt'ring forms create,  
“ And paint the gaudy plumes that deck the great ;  
“ While other pens exalt the vain delight,  
“ Whose wasteful revel wakes the depth of night ;  
“ Or others softly sing in idle lines  
“ How Damon courts, or Amarilles shines ;  
“ More wisely thou select a theme divine,  
“ Fame is their recompense, 'tis Heav'n is thine,  
“ Despise the raptures of discorded fire  
“ Where wine, or passion, or applause inspire  
“ Low restless life, and ravings born of earth,  
“ Whose meaner subjects speak their humble birth,  
“ Like working seas, that when loud winter blow,  
“ Not made for rising, only rage below,



- " Mine is a warm and yet a lambent heat,  
 " More lasting still, as more intensely great,  
 " Produc'd where pray'r, and praise, and plea-  
     " sure breathe,  
 " And ever mounting whence it shot beneath.  
 " Unpaint the love, that hov'ring over beds,  
 " From glitt'ring pinions guilty pleasure sheds;  
 " Restore the colour to the golden mines  
 " With which behind the feather'd idol shines;  
 " To flow'ring greens give back their native care,  
 " The rose and lilly, never his to wear;  
 " To sweet Arabia send the balmy breath;  
 " Strip the fair flesh, and call the phantom, Death:  
 " His bow be fabled o'er, his shafts the same,  
 " And fork and point them with eternal flame.  
 " But urge thy pow'rs, thine utmost voice ad-  
     " vance,  
 " Make the loud strings against thy fingers dance:  
 " 'Tis love that angels praise and men adore,  
 " 'Tis love divine that asks it all and more.  
 " Fling back the gates of ever-blazing day,  
 " Pour floods of liquid light to gild the way;  
 " And all in glory wrapt, thro' paths untrod  
 " Pursue the great unseen descent of God.  
 " Hail the meek Virgin, bid the child appear,  
 " The child is God, and call him JESUS here.  
 " He comes, but where to rest? A manger's nigh,  
 " Make the great Being in a manger lye;  
 " Fill the wide sky with angels on the wing,  
 " Make thousands gaze, and make ten thousand  
     " sing:  
 " Let men afflict him, men he came to save,  
 " And still afflict him till he reach the grave;

" Make him resign'd, his loads of sorrow meet;  
 " And me, like Mary, weep beneath his feet;  
 " I'll bathe my tresses there, my pray'rs rehearse,  
 " And glide in flames of love along thy verse.  
 " Ah! while I speak, I feel my bosom swell,  
 " My raptures smother what I long to tell.  
 " 'Tis God! a present God! Thro' cleaving air  
 " I see the throne, and see the JESUS there  
 " Plac'd on the right. He shews the wounds he  
 " bore,

" (My fervours oft have won him thus before)  
 " How pleas'd he looks! my words have reach'd  
 " his ear;

" He bids the gates unbar; and calls me near."

She ceas'd. The cloud on which she seem'd to  
 Its curls unfolded, and around her spread; [tread  
 Bright angels waft their wings to raise the cloud,  
 And sweep their ivory lutes, and sing aloud;  
 The scene moves off, while all its ambient sky  
 Is turn'd to wond'rous music as they fly;  
 And soft the swelling sounds of music grow,  
 And faint their softness, till they fail below.

My downy sleep the warmth of Phœbus broke,  
 And while my thoughts were settling, thus I spoke:  
 Thou beauteous Vision! on my soul impress'd,  
 When most my reason would appear to rest,  
 'Twas sure with pencils dipt in various lights  
 Some curious Angel limn'd thy sacred sights;  
 From blazing suns his radiant gold he drew,  
 White moons the silver gave, and air the blue.  
 I'll mount the roving winds expanded wing,  
 And seek the sacred hill, and light to sing;

('Tis known in Jewry well) I'll make my lays  
Obedient to thy summons, sound with praise.

But still I fear, unwarm'd with holy flame,  
I take for truth the flatteries of a dream;  
And barely with the wond'rous gift I boast,  
And faintly practise what deserves it most.

Indulgent LORD! whose gracious love displays  
Joy in the light, and fills the dark with ease!  
Be this, to bless my days, no dream of blest;  
Or be, to bless the nights, my dreams like this.



B A C C H U S.

7.





## B A C C H U S.

AS Bacchus ranging at his leisure,  
(Jolly Bacchus, King of pleasure!)  
Charm'd the wide world with drink and dances,  
And all his thousand airy fancies,  
Alas! he quite forgot the while  
His fav'rite vines in Lesbos isle.

The God, returning ere they dy'd,  
Ah! see my jolly Fauns he cry'd,  
The leaves but hardly born are red,  
And the bare arms for pity spread;  
The beasts afford a rich manure;  
Fly, my boys, to bring the cure;  
Up the mountains, o'er the vales,  
Thro' the woods, and down the dales;  
For this, if full the cluster grow,  
Your bowls shall doubly overflow.

So chear'd with more officious haste  
They bring the dung of ev'ry beast;  
The loads they wheel, the roots they bare,  
They lay the rich manure with care;  
While oft he calls to labour hard,  
And names as oft the red reward.

The plants refresh'd, new leaves appear,  
The thick'ning clusters load the year;  
The season swiftly purple grew,  
The grapes hung dangling deep with blue.

A vineyard ripe, a day serene  
 Now calls them all to work again.  
 The Fauns thro' every furrow shoot  
 To load their flaskets with the fruit;  
 And now the vintage early trod,  
 The wines invite the jovial God.

Strow the roses, raise the song,  
 See the master comes along;  
 Lusty Revel join'd with Laughter,  
 Whim and Frolic follow after:  
 The Fauns aside the vats remain  
 To show the work, and reap the gain.

All around, and all around  
 They fit to riot on the ground;  
 A vessel stands amidst the ring,  
 And here they laugh, and there they sing:  
 Or rise a jolly jolly band,  
 And dance about it hand in hand;  
 Dance about, and shout amain,  
 Then fit to laugh and sing again.  
 Thus they drink, and thus they play  
 The sun, and all their wits away.

But as an ancient Author sung,  
 The vine manur'd with ev'ry dung,  
 From ev'ry creature strangely drew  
 A twang of brutal nature too;  
 'Twas hence in drinking on the lawns  
 New turns of humour seiz'd the Fauns.

Here one was crying out, By Jove!  
 Another, Fight me in the grove;  
 This wounds a friend, and that the trees;  
 The lion's temper reign'd in these.

Another grins, and leaps about,  
And keeps a merry world of rout,  
And talks impertinently free,  
And twenty talk the same as he:  
Chatt'ring, idle, airy, kind;  
These take the monkeys turn of mind.

Here one, that saw the nymphs which stood,  
To peep upon them from the wood,  
Steals off to try if any maid  
Be lagging late beneath the shade;  
While loose discourse another raises  
In naked Nature's plainest phrases,  
And every glass he drinks enjoys,  
With change of nonsense, lust, and noise;  
Mad and careless, hot and vain:  
Such as these the goat retain.

Another drinks and casts it up,  
And drinks, and wants another cup;  
Solemn, silent, and sedate,  
Ever long, and ever late,  
Full of meats, and full of wine:  
This takes his temper from the swine.

Here some who hardly seem to breathe  
Drink, and hang the jaw beneath.  
Gaping, tender, apt to weep:  
Their nature's alter'd by the sheep.

'Twas thus one autumn all the crew  
(If what the Poets say be true)  
While Bacchus made the merry feast,  
Inclin'd to one, or other beast:  
And since, 'tis said, for many a mile  
He spread the vines of Lesbos isle.



THE  
HORSE  
AND THE  
OLIVE.





THE  
HORSE AND THE OLIVE.

WITH moral tale let antient wisdom move,  
Whilst thus I sing to make the moderns wise;  
Strong Neptune once with sage Minerva strove,  
And rising Athens was the victor's prize.

By Neptune, Plutus, (guardian Pow'r of gain)  
By great Minerva, bright Apollo stood;  
But Jove superior, bade the side obtain,  
Which best contriv'd to do the nation good.

Then Neptune striking, from the parted ground  
The warlike Horse came pawing on the plain,  
And as it tost its mane, and pranc'd around,  
By this, he cries, I'll make the people reign.

The Goddess, smiling, gently bow'd her spear,  
And rather thus they shall be bless'd she said:  
Then upwards shooting in the vernal air,  
With loaded boughs the fruitful Olive spread.

Jove saw what gift the rural Pow'rs design'd,  
And took th' impartial scales, resolv'd to show,  
If greater bliss in warlike pomp we find,  
Or in the calm which peaceful times bestow.

On Neptune's part he plac'd victorious days,  
Gay trophies won, and fame extending wide;  
But Plenty, Safety, Science, Arts, and Ease,  
Minerva's scale with greater weight supply'd.

Fierce War devours whom gentle Peace would save;  
Sweet Peace restores what angry War destroys;  
War made for Peace, with that rewards the brave,  
While Peace its pleasures from itself enjoys.

Hence vanquish'd Neptune to the sea withdrew,  
Hence wise Minerva rul'd Athenian lands;  
Her Athens hence in arts and honours grew,  
And still her Olives deck pacific hands.

From fables thus disclos'd, a monarch's mind  
May form just rules to choose the truly great,  
And subjects weary'd with distresses find,  
Whose kind endeavours most besfriend the state.

Ev'n Britain here may learn to place her love,  
If cities won, her kingdom's wealth have cost;  
If Anna's thoughts the patriot souls approve,  
Whose cares restore that wealth the wars had lost.

But if we ask, the moral to disclose,  
Whom her best patroness Europa calls,  
Great Anna's title no exception knows,  
And unapply'd in this the fable falls.

With her nor Neptune or Minerva vies:  
Whene'er she pleas'd, her troops to conquest flew;  
Whene'er she pleases, peaceful times arise:  
She gave the Horse, and gives the Olive too.

THE  
THIRD SATIRE  
OF  
Dr. D O N N E.  
VERSIFIED BY  
Dr. P A R N E L L.

A a 2





THE  
THIRD SATIRE

OF

Dr. D O N N E.

KIND Pity checks my spleen; brave Scorn  
forbids

Those tears to issue, which swell my eye-lids.  
I must not laugh, nor weep sins, but be wise,  
Can railing then cure these worn maladies?  
Is not our mistress fair Religion,  
As worthy of all our souls devotion  
As Virtue was to the first blinded age?  
Are not heavens joyes as valiant to assuage  
Lusts; as earths honour was to them? Alas,  
As we do them in means, shall they surpass  
Us in the end? and shall thy fathers spirit  
Meet blind philosophers in heaven, whose merit  
Of strict life may be imputed faith, and hear  
Thee, whom he taught so easie wayes and near  
To follow, damn'd? Oh, if thou dar'st, fear this:  
This fear great courage, and high valour is.



THE  
THIRD SATIRE

OF

Dr. D O N N E.

Verified by Dr. PARNELL.

C O M P A S S I O N checks my spleen, yet scorn  
denies

The tears a passage through my swelling eyes;  
To laugh or weep at sins might idly show  
Unheedful passion, or unfruitful wo.

Satire! arise, and try thy sharper ways

If ever satire cur'd an old disease.

Is not Religion (heav'n-descended dame)

As worthy all our soul's devoutest flame,

As moral Virtue in her early sway,

When the best Heathens saw by doubtful day?

Are not the joys, the promis'd joys above,

As great and strong to vanquish earthly love,

Dar'st thou ayd mutinous Dutch? and dar'st thou  
lay

Thee in ships wooden sepulchres, a prey  
To leaders rage, to storms, to shot, to dearth?  
Dar'st thou dive seas, and dungeons of the earth?  
Hast thou courageous fire to thaw the ice  
Of frozen North discoveries, and thrice  
Colder than salamanders? like divine  
Children in th' oven, fires of Spain, and the line  
Whose countries limbeck to our bodies be,  
Canst thou for gain bear? and must every he  
Which cries not Goddess, to thy Mistress, draw  
Or eat thy poysonous words? courage of straw!  
O desperate coward, wilt thou seem bold, and  
To thy foes and his, (who made thee to stand  
Sentinel in this worlds garrison) thus yield,  
And for forbid warres leave th' appointed field?  
Know thy foes; the foul devil (he, whom thou  
Striv'st to please) for hate, not love, would allow  
Thee fain, his whole realm to be quit; and as  
The worlds all parts wither away and pass,  
So the worlds self, thy other lov'd foe, is  
In her decrepit wane, and thou loving this,  
Dost love a withered and worn strumpet; last,  
Flesh (it selfs death) and joyes which flesh can tast,  
Thou lovest; and thy fair goodly soul, which doth  
Give this flesh power to tast joy, thou dost loath,  
Seek true Religion, O where: Mirreus  
Thinking her unhous'd here, and fled from us;  
Seeks her at Rome, there, because he doth know  
That she was there a thousand years agoe,

As earthly glory, fame, respect, and show,  
 As all rewards their virtue found below?  
 Alas! Religion proper means prepares,  
 These means are ours, and must its end be theirs?  
 And shall thy father's spirit meet the sight  
 Of Heathen sages cloth'd in heav'nly light,  
 Whose merit of strict life, severely suited  
 To Reason's dictates, may be faith imputed,  
 Whilst thou, to whom he taught the nearer road,  
 Art ever banish'd from the bless'd abode?

Oh! if thy temper such a fear can find,  
 This fear were valour of the noblest kind.

Dar'st thou provoke, when rebel-souls aspire,  
 Thy Maker's vengeance, and thy Monarch's ire,  
 Or live entomb'd in ships, thy leader's prey,  
 Spoil of the war, the famine, or the sea?  
 In search of pearl, in depth of ocean breathe,  
 Or live, exil'd the sun, in mines beneath,  
 Or where in tempests icy mountains roll,  
 Attempt a passage by the northern pole?  
 Or dar'st thou parch within the fires of Spain,  
 Or burn beneath the line, for Indian gain?  
 Or for some idol of thy fancy draw  
 Some loose-gown'd dame? O courage made of  
 straw!

Thus, desp'rate coward! would'st thou bold appear,  
 Yet when thy God has plac'd thee centry here,  
 To thy own foes, to his, ignoble yield;  
 And leave, for wars forbid, th' appointed field?

Know thy own foes; th' apostate angel; he  
 You strive to please, the foremost of the three;

He loves the raggs so, as we here obey  
The state-cloth where the prince sate yesterday.  
Grants to such brave loves will not be inthrall'd,  
But loves her only, who at Geneva is call'd  
Religion, plain, simple, fullen, young,  
Contemtuos yet unhandsome. As among  
Lecherous humours, there is one that judges  
No wenches wholesome, but course country drud-  
ges.

Graius staves still at home here, and because  
Some preachers, vile ambitious bawds, and laws  
Still new like fashions, bids him think that she  
Which dwels with us, is only perfect, he  
Imbraceth her, whom his godfathers will  
Tender to him, being tender; as wards still  
Take such wives as their guardians offer, or  
Pay valews. Careless Phrygius doth abhorr  
All, because all cannot be good; as one  
Knowing some women whores, dares marry none.  
Gracchus loves all as one, and thinks that so  
As women do in divers countries go  
In divers habits, yet are still one kind;  
So doth, so is Religion; and this blind-  
ness too much light breeds. But unmoved thou  
Of force must one, and forc'd but one allow;  
And the right; ask thy father which is she,  
Let him ask his. Though Truth and Falshood be  
Near twins, yet truth a little elder is.  
Be busie to seek her; believe me this,  
He's not of none, nor worst, that seeks the best.  
To adore, or scorn an image or protest,

He makes the pleasures of his realm the bait,  
 But can he give for love, that acts in hate?  
 The world's thy second love, thy second foe,  
 The world, whose beauties perish as they blow,  
 They fly, she fades herself, and at the best,  
 You grasp a wither'd strumpet to your breast;  
 The flesh is next, which in fruition wastes,  
 High flush'd with all the sensual joys it tastes.  
 While men the fair, the goodly soul destroy,  
 From whence the flesh has pow'r to taste a joy.  
 Seek thou Religion primitively sound—  
 Well, gentle friend, but where may she be found.

By faith implicit blind Ignaro led,  
 Thinks the bright Seraph from his country fled,  
 And seeks her seat at Rome, because we know,  
 She there was seen a thousand years ago;  
 And loves her relick rags, as men obey  
 The foot-cloth where the prince sat yesterday.  
 These pageant forms are whining Obed's scorn,  
 Who seeks religion at Geneva born,  
 A sullen thing, whose coarseness suits the crowd:  
 Though young, unhandsome; though unhand-  
     some proud;

Thus, with the wanton, some perversely judge  
 All girls unhealthy but the country drudge.

No foreign schemes make easy Cæpio roam,  
 The man contented takes his church at home,  
 Nay, should some preachers, servile bawds of gain,  
 Should some new laws, which like new fashions  
     reign,

Command his faith to count salvation ty'd,  
 To visit his, and visit none beside;

May all the bad. Doubt wisely, in strange way  
To stand inquiring right, is not to stray ;  
To sleep, or run wrong, is. On a huge hill,  
Cragged, and steep, Truth stands, and he that will  
Reach her, about must, and about it goe :  
And what the hills suddenness resists, win so,  
Yet strive so, that before age, deaths twilight,  
Thy Soul rest, for none can work in that night,  
To will implies delay, therefore now do :  
Hard deeds, the bodies pains ; hard knowledge to  
The minds indeavours reach ; and mysteries  
Are like the sun, dazling, yet plain to all eyes.  
Keep the truth which thou hast found ; men do  
not stand  
In so ill case, that God hath with his hand  
Sign'd king's blank charters to kill whom they  
hate,  
Nor are they vicars, but hangmen to fate.  
Fool and wretch, wilt thou let thy soul be tyed  
To mans laws, by which she shall not be tryed  
At the last day ? Or will it then boot thee  
To say a Philip or a Gregory,  
A Harry or a Martin taught me this ?  
Is not this excuse for meer contraries,  
Equally strong ; cannot both sides say so ?  
That thou mayest rightly obey Power, her bounds  
know,  
Those past her nature, and name are chang'd ; to be,  
Then humble to her is idolatry.  
As streams are, power is ; those best flowers that  
dwell  
At the rough streams calm head, thrive and do  
well,



He grants salvation centres in his own,  
 And grants it centres but in his alone;  
 From youth to age he grasps the proffer'd damie,  
 And they confer his faith, who give his name;  
 So from the guardian's hands the wards who live  
 Enthrall'd to guardians, take the wives they give.

From all professions careless Airy flies,  
 For all professions can't be good, he cries;  
 And here a fault, and there another views,  
 And lives unfix'd for want of heart to chuse;  
 Somen, who know what some loose girls have done,  
 For fear of marrying such will marry none.  
 The charms of all obsequious Courtly strike;  
 On each he dotes, on each attends alike;  
 And thinks, as different countries deck the dame,  
 The dresses altering, and the sex the same:  
 So fares Religion, chang'd in outward show,  
 But 'tis Religion still where'er we go:  
 This blindness springs from an excess of light,  
 And men embrace the wrong to chuse the right.  
 But thou of force must one Religion own,  
 And only one, and that the right alone;  
 To find that right one, ask thy rev'rend fire,  
 Let him of his, and him of his inquire;  
 Tho' Truth and Falshood seem as twins ally'd,  
 There's eldership on Truth's delightful side;  
 Her seek with heed—who seeks the soundest first,  
 Is not of no Religion, nor the worst.  
 T'adore, or scorn an image, or protest  
 May all be bad; doubt wisely for the best,  
 \*Twere wrong to sleep, or headlong run astray;  
 It is not wandering to inquire the way.

But having left their roots, and themselves given  
To the streams tyrannous rage, alas, are driven  
Through mills, rocks, and woods and at last,  
almost

Consum'd in going, in the sea are lost :  
So perish Souls, which more chuse mens unjust  
Power, from God claim'd, then God himself to  
trust.

THE END OF Dr. DONNE'S SATIRE.

On a large mountain, at the basis wide,  
 Steep to the top, and craggy at the side,  
 Sits sacred Truth enthron'd; and he who means  
 To reach the summit, mounts with weary pains,  
 Winds round and round, and every turn essays,  
 Where sudden breaks resist the shorter ways.  
 Yet labour so, that, ere faint age arrive,  
 Thy searching soul possess her rest alive:  
 To work by twilight were to work too late,  
 And age is twilight to the night of fate.  
 To will alone, is but to mean delay,  
 To work at present, is the use of day,  
 For man's employ much thought and deed remain,  
 High thoughts the soul, hard deeds the body strain,  
 And myst'ries ask believing, which to view,  
 Like the fair sun, are plain but dazzling too.

Be truth, so found with sacred heed possess,  
 Not kings have power to tear it from thy breast.  
 By no blank charters harm they where they hate,  
 Nor are they vicars, but the hands of fate,  
 Ah! fool and wretch, who lett'st thy soul be ty'd  
 To human laws! or must it so be try'd?  
 Or will it boot thee, at the latest day,  
 When Judgment sits, and Justice asks thy plea,  
 That Philip that, or Greg'ry taught thee this,  
 Or John or Martin? All may teach amiss,  
 For ev'ry contrary in each extreme  
 This holds alike, and each may plead the same.

Wouldst thou to Pow'r a proper duty shew?  
 'Tis thy first task the bounds of Power to know,  
 The bounds once past, it holds the same no more,  
 Its nature alters, which it own'd before,

Nor were submission humbleness exprest,  
But all a low idolatry at best.  
Pow'r from above subordinately spread,  
Streams like a fountain from th' eternal head,  
There, calm and pure the living waters flow,  
But roars a torrent or a flood below,  
Each flow'r ordain'd the margins to adorn,  
Each native beauty, from its roots is torn,  
And left on deserts, rocks and sands, are tost,  
All the long travel, and in ocean lost.  
So fares the soul, which more that power reveres,  
Man claims from God, than what in God inheres.

T H E E N D.

